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AUG 11 1942

COUNTRY LIFE

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GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK

HAVE you noticed that there is something "SPECIAL" in the flavour of home-grown Fruit and Vegetables?

Quite a lot of this is probably due to the personal pride of the producer of such food, although in these times every Gardener who grows his own is making a very valuable contribution to the war effort. Fresh fruit is in short supply and you should therefore plant Fruit Trees now so that you can be self-supporting with this indispensable food. Here are some special offers of Fruit Trees all of which are full fruiting size:

GROW YOUR OWN FRUIT

A Collection of Apple Trees which have been specially chosen to ensure a supply of fruit for dessert well into the winter months. The Collection consists of four specially selected 3 year old Fruiting Size Bush Apple Trees as follows: 1 WORCESTER PEAR, the most popular and earliest fruiting variety, 1 JAMES GRIEVE, everybody's favourite, 2 COX'S ORANGE for Christmas eating. This Collection of 4 magnificent Apple Trees is worth at least 30s., but as a special offer, while present stock lasts, I will send, carriage and packing free, for only 20s., 2 Collections 38s. 6d., 3 Collections 57s. 6d.

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BUSH PEARS in popular sorts, **WILLIAM CONFERENCE**, **BEURRE HARDY**, **LOUIS BONNE**, **JERSEY**, **DOYENNE DU COMICE**, **FERTILITY**, 6s. 6d. each. **STANDARD PEARS.**—Full Standards, 6ft. stems, **FERTILITY**, **BEURRE HARDY**, **WILLIAM, LOUIS BONNE** OF JERSEY, **DR. J. GUYOT**, **CLAPP'S FAVOURITE**, 8s. 6d. each.

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Write to me for any help you may require on gardening matters.

MR. CUTHBERT, R. & G. CUTHBERT, 47, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS.

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GARDENS DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED. Sherwood Cup, Chelsea Show, 1927.—**GEORGE G. WHITELEGG, The Nurseries, Chislehurst, Kent.**

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COUNTRY LIFE

JANUARY 9, 1942

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Harlip

MISS ESMEE HARMSWORTH

Miss Harmsworth is the younger daughter of Viscount Rothermere and is shortly to be married to Captain Viscount Errington, Grenadier Guards, only son of the Earl and Countess of Cromer. Miss Harmsworth is nursing with the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

COUNTRY LIFE

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The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, O.M.

THE New Year Honours list contained one name wholly unconnected with the war. The Order of Merit conferred on Sir Edwin Lutyens is the first to have been awarded to an architect since its inauguration 40 years ago, as the highest recognition "for exceptionally meritorious services in our Army and Navy or towards the advancement of Art, Literature and Science." Its membership is limited to 24, the most recent recipients being the late Lord Baden Powell, Sir Arthur Eddington, Lord Chatfield, and Sir James Jeans. It is impossible for contemporaries to gauge completely the stature of artists, especially, perhaps, architects, and more particularly in this period of transition between eras of civilisation. But as the long epoch ushered in by the Renaissance closes, and its values are seen to have less and less immediate application to the stark realities of a new age, the work of Sir Edwin Lutyens stands out with increasing clarity as the last great uncompromising assertion of the principles of Alberti, Michelangelo, Mansart, and Wren. His work's shortcomings are on the plane of vogue and whim; its virtues, which the superficial can easily overlook, are for all time, and it is well that this generation, in the person of our King, has paid this tribute to a supreme artist. COUNTRY LIFE can conscientiously offer its congratulations to Sir Edwin, since this paper, and its founder, were among the first to recognise the order of his merits, and we have consistently published his successive works—from homely cottages to the last of the great palaces of the world.

"YOUR INHERITANCE"

AN exhibition, with this name, composed by the Housing Centre, is now touring schools with the aim of helping the younger generation, and the general public, to understand what the countryside really is, how it was created, and the standard and responsibility it sets for democracy. By picture and precept it drives home the truth that the familiar English landscape of hedgerow and field, the very soil no less than the woods and parks, has been made by generations of men and women—the Saxons who won it from The Wild, the serf and lord of the Middle Ages, the Georgian landed gentry, and great men whose names are hardly known to the average Englishman: Evelyn, Tull, Bakewell, Young, Brown, Repton, Coke, and their fellow-"improvers." They planted and cultivated; we reap the result or, in a few months of unplanned development, destroy the work of generations and England's greatest contribution to European art. But the exhibition is not simply a plea for preservation. By showing what manorial, agricultural, and landscape planning has created in the past it aims at showing what democracy can evolve for itself in the immediate future, in the way of safeguarded land and agreeable towns; provided

that democracy individually accepts the responsibility of distinguishing between the right use and misuse of land. As an evangelist of this gospel the Housing Centre's initiative is as welcome as we hope it will be of far-reaching educative effect. What the nation needs in the post-war years, it has been aptly said, is this kind of Home Guard "ready to fight in the streets, in the hills, and on the beaches."

A NATIONAL MILK PRICE?

WHEN we remember (as Sir John Russell reminds us in his excellent little "Oxford Pamphlet" *Britain's Food in War-time*) that nowadays an overwhelming proportion of home-produced milk is necessarily sold in liquid form, it is hardly surprising that the pre-war milk marketing scheme should come under serious review. That scheme was an attempt to assure producers in the various regional areas of this country a fair price for their milk, whether it was distributed fresh, turned into butter and cheese, or sent to the manufacturer to be "processed" in some way or other. The Milk Pool evened up the different prices. To-day everybody is agreed that when the Government announces the new price levels for the year which begins in April there will have to be a general increase. Should the regional price differences be abolished at the same time and a new structure founded on a national price? This is the question which the Regional Committees failed to decide at their recent meeting, and the decision is now left to the Milk Board. The low-priced West is of course well satisfied with the proposal; the higher-priced regions are, to say the least, doubtful. They fear that the war-time policy might become permanent. Even during war, an increase in the demand for condensed milk might, on a national price scheme, penalise counties such as Wiltshire, where the majority of condenseries are to be found. Apart from this question there is also to be decided the amount of the general price increase which is undoubtedly due. The increased cost of labour involved by the new national minimum wage has to be taken into account. There is also to be considered the labour required in producing extra forage crops. The producer-retailers too are protesting that a higher price is due to them for loss of business caused by the milk distribution methods of to-day. It seems doubtful, though, whether they will be greatly pleased by Lord Woolton's announcement that a point has been reached where it is considered possible to collect and distribute evenly an unlimited number of small surpluses in addition to the supplies of big producers and distributors which are already rationed.

DECEMBER SILHOUETTE

A STARK tree signs its cipher on the moon . . .
The pewter flood in silence slides beneath the bridge,
Snow engulfs the Gothic ruin
And crystal beards disguise the cemetery gate;
Gelid wafers crackle faintly underfoot,
And on the sentry's crunching beat
A bayonet blinks against the muted barrack pile . . .
The while a frigid tree
Signs its inky cipher on the moon.

MAURICE BURKE.

DISGORING BUILDERS

ONE of the worst abuses in the war-time building industry will be corrected by the Ministry of Labour's Order restricting transfer of men from one job to another. It has become a common practice for certain contractors, when a job is finished, to retain the labour by continuing to pay the men's wages—for doing nothing, sometimes for months on end—until they can be transferred to pending operations. Government departments have so far connived at this "hoarding" of labour, which puts a contractor in a strong position for securing a rush job: many contracts have undoubtedly been allocated to firms which can show a big available supply of immediate labour on their pay-rolls. The nation has had to pay for the abuse, the men's accumulated wages for doing nothing being lumped into the bill for the job under the "cost plus" system. And other, less fortunate,

firms, starved of labour, have consequently been unable to undertake contracts, although their quotation, not swollen by the cost of maintaining an idle army of operatives, was much lower than that of a hoarding firm. Many smaller firms were actually being forced out of business in this way, to the grave detriment of the industry, since they constitute to a great extent the training-ground of skilled workmen. The new Order will oblige firms to release their men, with certain broad exceptions, to return to the labour pool. To this extent it is complementary to the Maintenance Restriction Order made before Christmas, in that it makes for the fairer distribution, if not the increase, of the much restricted supply of building labour.

THE NON-STARTERS

THE race for the Waste Paper Stakes has divided the country into competing areas all of which contain large supplies of paper in the charge of people whose consciences are keen about such matters and who have been thoroughly discouraged by fears that the clay they hand over for bricks may—like that of the Witwatersrand—be full of concealed diamonds. We have received a letter from just such a non-starter (now fortunately converted), and we hope that his common-sense advice may ginger up others who feel as he once did. "When it was pointed out to us," he writes, "that the function of paper—in this cellulose-minded war world—had switched over from mind to matter we felt certain pangs of conscience. We know that among our books and papers there was much which we should in any case cling to. We knew, on the other hand, that there was just as much which was of no more value to us than to any other living creature. Then we thought of the troublesome business of sorting; and before we had done more than a couple of hands' turns our natural lethargy was reinforced by all sorts of reports that, in the rush to turn paper into munitions, documents not only of historic and literary but of real market value were being thrown hastily on the scrap-heap. It never occurred to us that this was a two-edged argument. I have myself come across more than half a dozen instances, since the paper salvage movement started, of valuable documents being discovered which would otherwise have slipped carelessly to oblivion. And is this not a gain, quite apart from the salvage of paper?"

THE EXPORT OF BLOODSTOCK

THE part played by British thoroughbreds in the mounting of the Russian cavalry was mentioned here the other week. The following figures show another aspect of the bloodstock industry: its importance as an element in Britain's export trade. They are compiled from facts given in the last volume of the *General Stud Book*, issued recently, and show the number of horses exported to various parts of the world in 1937, 1938 and 1939. For obvious reasons the figures for 1940 are not included: in any case they would only be misleading. The figures read: Argentina, 15 horses or colts and 51 mares or fillies; Australia, 33 and 68; Belgium, 56 and 58; Brazil, 8 and 35; British Guiana, 4 and 8; British West Indies, 23 and 61; Burma, 2 horses; Canada, 8 and 4; Ceylon, 80 and 41; Chile, 2 horses; Colombia, 1 horse; Czechoslovakia, 3 and 11; Denmark, 58 and 85; Dutch East Indies, 4 and 2; Egypt, 7 and 14; France, 68 and 310; Germany, 52 and 70; Gibraltar, 2 and 2; Holland, 10 and 5; Hungary, 7 and 38; India, 348 and 200; Italy, 34 and 158; Japan, 2 horses; Kenya Colony, 6 and 15; Malay States, 114 and 57; Malta, 2 horses; Mauritius, 11 and 31; New Zealand, 14 and 21; Norway, 20 and 29; Panama, 14 and 9; Poland, 1 and 7; Rumania, 8 mares; South Africa, 172 and 108; Southern Rhodesia, 4 mares; Sweden, 18 and 41; Switzerland, 3 and 3; Thailand, 1 and 1; Turkey, 8 and 27; United States of America, 152 and 88; Uruguay, 1 and 18; Venezuela, 7 and 22; and Yugoslavia, 1 and 10. It should be noted that the number of mares exported to France and Italy must not be taken too literally, as many were sent merely to be mated and were subsequently returned.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS



E. W. Tattersall

UNDER CLOUDY SKIES: DOWNHAM IN LANCASHIRE

IN my complete ignorance of the subject I have always held the belief that the bagpipes belonged to Scotland and Scotland only, and that the history of their origin is lost in the mists of time. I imagined vainly that, when the Romans built the Wall, they were accustomed to look over the top of it on fine evenings and see the Scots, and probably the Picts also, striding over the moors, and playing derisive tunes on their pipes. Apparently it seems much more probable that it was the other way about, and the Scots, in company with the Picts, for according to my history they were always together, watched Roman pipers walking along the top of the wall and took pot shots at them with bows and arrows.

THE other day while staying in Northumberland I had all my old beliefs shattered. I met not far from the Wall itself a Northumbrian with his pipes under his arm, and made the unfortunate remark that I was not aware the pipes were played outside Scotland—except of course in Northern Ireland where descendants of the Scots live. It was apparently the worst thing one could say in Northumberland, as I was informed that the pipes were known in England before they reached Scotland; that they were introduced into England from Greece probably by the Romans—not one of their best efforts; that the Northumbrian model is superior to the Scottish type, as the reed drones are fixed into a drone stock, and not into the bag itself; and that the correct method of playing them is not by means of the mouth, but by the employment of a small pair of bellows under the right arm. Furthermore, I was informed, in the reign of James IV the pipes were prohibited in Scotland as not being of Scottish origin, and when 100 years later James VI, or, in our eyes, James I, wished to re-introduce them instructors had to be imported from Ireland and Northumberland. As I am not a Scotsman I took all this “sitting down,” as the saying is, but I could not help wondering what my reactions would have been if my name had happened to have the prefix “Mac” to it.

THE bagpipes in some form or another are apparently a product of mountain peoples all over the world—a resounding gesture as it were against their bleak and lofty surroundings—and I am told the pipes some Indian Frontier regiments play were not imported from Scotland by Scottish officers in the past, but are their own national instruments. I have frequently seen Sudanese and Egyptian battalions marching to the pipes, but, as neither of these races hails from mountains, the instruments are not indigenous, but were introduced by Hector Macdonald in Kitchener's days. That at any rate is the Army belief to-day, but I should not feel inclined to argue it, as another old Army belief is that Kitchener introduced the kite from India to Egypt to act as a scavenger in the streets, and that previous to his time the bird was not known in the Nile Valley; whereas

there is hardly a temple in the land in which a bas-relief of the kite is not to be found.

I AM one of those unfortunate people who, by reason of the date of birth or from lack of a musical ear, find it impossible to appreciate the crooner and the distressing noises he or she makes. I have tried very hard to get at the melody of the crooner's gurgles and wails, and people have taken the trouble to explain it to me, but the efforts still sound like bad cases of laryngitis being gargled, or animals in pain.

The other morning at 7.15 I awoke in horror, having dreamed that my Scottie was caught in a trap and was howling in agony. It was all right, however, for he was sitting up on his bed asking me what was the matter and should he go and see about it; and the explanation was that someone had been listening to the 7 a.m. wireless news and had forgotten to switch off. Why the B.B.C. should think the public of Great Britain would wish to listen to this sort of thing at the first crack of dawn when they are not feeling their strongest is a mystery, but they know the views of their listeners better than I do and it is presumably part of our propaganda system aimed at proving to the world we are a tough nation and can stand anything.

PSYCHOLOGISTS state that normally a dream lasts for a fraction of a second only, and this is sometimes difficult to believe when the dream we have had has covered imaginary happenings spread over the best part of a day, or even a week. It seems incredible that the brain can work so quickly, and that the memory can make a record of it in one short flash.

I have obtained definite proof, however, that this is a fact. I had just returned from the South African War and I had a vivid dream one morning, while my tea was becoming cold, of our column moving off across the veldt in the half-light of dawn. First of all there was the saddling-up, falling-in, numbering-off, and all the petty details of a scallywag Yeomanry unit preparing to march. Then I was detailed for the advanced scouts, as I thought out of my turn, and I remember the usual struggle to get my horse to go forward away from the troop.

THE column moved off, and about an hour or so later, when the sun was well up, I came to a rocky kopje over which I had to ride. I went up it gingerly and rather nervously, picking my way among the boulders, and when I was half way up I noticed to my horror a

movement behind a rock at the top and found I was looking at a bearded Boer who was aiming at me with his rifle. I remember wondering what I should do; whether I should throw myself to the ground and take cover, whether I should make a bolt for it, or whether I should move away to the right and pretend I had not seen him, for when the Boers laid ambushes for us they would usually let the advanced scouts pass if possible so as to get the main body.

I decided to go to the right, and at that moment the Boer fired—and I awoke to hear the report of a shot, and a startled scream. The explanation was that my youngest brother in the room above had got hold of the Mauser I had brought home as a curio, slipped in a round and had fired a shot through the floor, narrowly missing my mother in her room below. It was quite obvious that my most realistic dream had not started until the shot was fired, and in less than a split second I had lived through all the details of a morning on column, extending over three or four very full hours, and had then awakened to hear the report of the rifle still ringing.

The majority of my readers will be so shocked at the wanton carelessness of leaving a rifle and live rounds within reach of a boy of 12 that they will be quite unable to see anything else in the anecdote, and there is a risk they will never read *A Countryman's Notes* again.

A CORRESPONDENT, who had read in my Notes the coincidence of the two men with repaired broken necks sitting at the same table at lunch, has written to me describing his remarkable experience with umbrellas. The writer, whom we will call Mr. Smith, dined one night at a very small restaurant in Soho and discovered when leaving that his nearly new umbrella had disappeared, and in its place was a somewhat aged one with precisely the same sort of handle. So far there is nothing very remarkable about the story, as there is probably not a man in London to whom this unfortunate incident has not happened, but if, on the other hand, a man should find a new umbrella in place of an old one, this would constitute front-page news in all our newspapers. Mr. Smith accepted the situation and took the old umbrella. He was away from London for several weeks and, on his return, went to his club to dine, putting the old umbrella in the stand below his hat. After dinner, when he went back to the lobby, he found his original umbrella in the next stand and actually touching the substitute he had been using. He called the hall-porter to explain matters and, while

he was talking to him, another member, Mr. Jones, came up to claim the old umbrella, which he was pleased to see, as he had lost it at the club some weeks previously!

* * *

AS my correspondent says, it was a most remarkable coincidence that all three people concerned in the case—Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and an unknown Mr. Robinson, the villain of the piece—should have been all members of the same club, should have dined there the same night at the same time, and that Smith and Jones should have left before Robinson and were thus able to regain their own property. As Mr. Robinson did not complain to the hall-porter about the disappearance of "his" umbrella he was never identified. There is one other remarkable coincidence in this story and that is it will seem now to almost every male reader of COUNTRY LIFE that he must belong to the same club as Messrs. Smith, Jones and Robinson, or, alternatively, that Mr. Robinson is a member of every club in London.

* * *

SEVERAL correspondents from various parts of England have written confirming the disappearance of the landrail in their counties, though one or two survivors are reported in the south of Scotland. Most of these readers

attribute this state of affairs to modern reaping machines, which cut the straw so close to the surface of the ground that the nests and eggs of the landrail are invariably destroyed, and in many cases the sitting bird also.

One correspondent, however, considers that the extensive use of chemical manures to-day, and the poisonous smells from the mixtures, have driven the corn-crake from his haunts on arable land. He laments, as do so many agricultural writers, the use of these substitutes in place of the old farmyard "muck," and predicts as the result the general deterioration of the soil in the near future. One hears this complaint so frequently that almost one imagines that the farmer of to-day neglects to use the manure from his stockyard, but is it not a fact that the yield of animal manure from an average farm is quite insufficient for the needs of the holding, particularly when there are no sheep, and that chemical products must be used if the land is to carry the crops the situation demands at the present time? So far as one can see, the animals on a farm to-day, excluding horses, are at least as numerous as they were some 60 years ago; we are even accused of becoming a nation of graziers instead of farmers. If the yield of natural manure is now inadequate for the average acreage, the ordinary uninstructed mind wonders how things were managed, and the land kept in a state of productiveness, in

the halcyon days of farming—if such a glorious state of affairs ever existed.

* * *

THE latest female aggression on the male front is that women's secret agents, assisted by masculine Fifth Columnists, have bought up all the pipe-cleaners in the land, and that they are now being sold and used as hair-curlers. I have not been able to buy a packet of pipe-cleaners since the "No cigarettes or tobacco" slogan started, and as the result have been compelled to scavenge round the poultry-yard in the wake of moulting hens, or have had to pluck wing feathers from every pheasant and pigeon I have shot. I find now that our pipe-cleaners, dyed an attractive pastel shade to disguise them, can be bought at most of those counters reserved for entirely feminine adjuncts to beauty.

One way and another we men seem to be losing ground everywhere. Twenty years ago women evicted us from our local barber's shops; at much the same time they established a firm stance at our tobacconists' counters; and now they are interfering with the cleaning of our pipes. Two forms of retaliation suggest themselves: one is to blow our pipes out on to the carpets with the maximum of disgusting noises, and the other is for all men to adopt the use of the lipstick of which, I understand, there is a very limited supply in the country.

1,000 MILES ON HORSEBACK

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

[In order to study war-time farming conditions on the spot Mr. Wentworth Day has recently made a tour of a large part of rural England. Accompanied by an Essex farmer, Mr. James Rodd of Colchester, he started from Hatfield in Hertfordshire, and travelled through Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, the Isle of Ely, Huntingdonshire, part of Bedfordshire and Lincolnshire. He chose to go for much of the way on a horse, but used a horse-box for travelling between one centre and another. He also visited Leicestershire and Warwickshire by train, and is now riding through Hampshire, Dorset and Wiltshire. Here he gives some outstanding impressions of the tour.—ED.]

IT began when I lay in a white-walled, pictureless room at Windsor, gazing at the hard blue of a November sky through leafless twigs. They would be hunting in those Essex woodlands which I love. I could almost smell the dampness of dying bracken, hear the squish of galloping hoofs down a muddy ride, feel the wet kiss of the salty wind blowing off the marshes. That was a year ago. A few

days earlier they had given me 48 hours to live. But I was not told that until afterwards.

Lying there I read Richard Cobbett. The mind followed that robust, ranting, prejudiced old Radical as he rode from shire to shire, his horse's hoofs scattering the sandy gravel on Surrey hillside one week and ploughing hock deep through the loamy mire of Norfolk the next. Cobbett lived in a time of wars and depressions. English mouths went hungry and English farmers were driven hard. To-day history has repeated itself. The land, neglected in peace, is wooded in war. And if we are not careful it will be jilted again when peace comes on the sombre wings of economic chaos and unemployment.

So I swore that if ever I were well enough to throw my leg across a horse I would go out on his four feet, and try in my own way to see in our own day what Cobbett saw in his. Nine months passed before the opportunity came. There were plenty of people to warn me of rash folly. "You won't get stabling. You'll never find the fodder. You'll lame the horses on the hard high roads. You can never

cover the ground in the time. You'll be held up in defence areas, or the Home Guard will shoot you. Anyway it's a crazy idea—hire a little car and do it quicker and in more comfort."

Nevertheless, we started. Unlike Cobbett I took a motor horse-box, for he had no tarmac roads to hammer the heart out of his horses. My plan was to box the horses to a centre in each county, and then radiate out on horseback each day to farms, reclamation areas, forestry blocks, research stations and the rest.

We averaged 15 to 20 miles a day in the saddle, totalled 900 miles by horse, 1,355 by horse-box and about 200 by car when being taken round by officials. The longest hack in one day was 47 miles. Not once did I fail to find stabling, although we frequently cast up in a village after nightfall, without making arrangements beforehand. We were never short of fodder and only once did we have to rob a stack by starlight. We had no accidents and cast only one shoe in the last week of the ride. The horses were rested every third day, given a rub-down every night, foddered on hay, crushed oats—scarce—and crushed beans—only once procurable.

I was almost continually in defence areas, yet was stopped only once by a sentry, and that at the entrance to an aerodrome. True I had a Government "A" pass on the front of the box, but nothing of the sort on the pommel of my saddle.

We stayed in the castle of a duke one night and slept the next on the knobbly, straw-stuffed palliasses of a village inn beneath a wavy, whitewashed ceiling. Mansions were open to us equally with the stables of yeoman farmers and the frugal welcome of cottage tea-tables.

I saw the bewildering strides made by mechanised farming. I saw too the passing of the horse in such counties as Lincoln, where, in the Holland Division, he is almost a museum piece. I saw farmers ploughing 2ft. deep in one part and 4ins. in another. I met one man who, with his family, farms 40,000 acres, and another who has produced £65,000 worth of food this year off 1,600 acres. I heard that stout yeoman, Tom Mann, of Virley Hall, the lonely little farm which sits beside the snaky, salt waters of Salcott Creek in Essex, roundly refuse an offer of agricultural credits because, he said, "There's too much of other people's good money buried in this heavy three-horse land already. I'm here to get it out by sweat, not by loan." That is the spirit which committee farming will neither breed nor understand; and nationalisation would sterilise it.



BURWELL FEN, NOW UNDER THE PLOUGH FOR THE FIRST TIME ON RECORD

One of the places visited by Mr. Day on his 1,000-mile tour



ELIZABETHAN BRIDGE OVER THE MOAT AT TOLLESHUNT D'ARCY HALL, ESSEX

We took two guns and a rod, cooking-pots and a stove, and lived on the country as we went.

What are the bright memories? Clatter of hoofs on gravel as we rode over the brick Elizabethan bridge which crosses the slumbering moat of Tolleshunt D'Arcy Hall. There were tomatoes red in the sun against the garden wall, rose-brick and old. Tench moving lazily over gravelly shallows. Pigeons murmurous about that ancient dovecot which has 365 holes, a dove for every day of the year. Glint of gun-barrels in the panelled hall, rich in incredible linenfold, topped by that unique dado which, in panel after panel, depicts the every-day life of the Tudor lord and lady of this walled and moated little manor, church-guarded, which sleeps like a spaniel on its hill, looking toward the shining waters of the Blackwater and the hazy sea marshes. There, carved and bold, is the knight setting out hawk on fist; his lady busy at her tapestry; his squire with greyhounds in leash; the jester fooling with his pig's bladder; the sower sowing broadcast, bag at belt; the reaper harvesting with a hand sickle; the fisher going forth with his net; and the ploughman with his wooden share turning the earth.

An American offered my host, Mr. Weston Eve, many thousands for the dado. But he would not sell. "We Eves have been living in this house over 400 years and farming this land," he said, "so I don't see why we should strip the old place now." There, epitomised, seemed to me to be the spirit of tradition, of stability and of family continuity which is the strength of the countryside.

I think, too, of the Devil's House, that lonely, ugly, forlorn farmhouse which sits defiantly amid the bleached cattle marshes of Wallasea Island in Essex, that 2,000-acre prairie where the sea winds sing and there are no roads or trees. There are five families on Wallasea all working for the same yeoman, Will Goodchild of East Horndon Hall, the old manor farm which was built before the year 1400. There have been Goodchilds farming in Essex for 500 years and the grandfather of his foreman worked for another Goodchild over a century ago.

"They call it the Devil's House because there's some funny story about the devil being seen here on the marsh at night," Will told me. "I've never seen him, but I recollect the stock going pretty nearly mad in the stockyard one night. They broke the gates down and were all over the marsh in the morning. Something very funny about it."

That night, in the warm, sawdusted bar parlour of the Queen's Head on the waterside at Maldon, while the stars winked in the tide and the curlew made wild music about the sleeping barges, Bob Keeble, the marshman, with gold earrings in his ears, told me his side of the tale.

"Time I were a little owd lad I worked at that Devil's House," he said. "An owd thatched place it was. Burnt down arterwards. There was a davvil in it all right. Blast, boy! That old davvil got me by the scruff of my neck one night when I laid in me truckle bed and hulled me down the stairs. Nigh bruk my ribs. Then he hulled my mate down arter me. We never seed no one but whoever that owd davvil was he were as strong as a hoss. We laid in the barn that night."

"There was a chap worked along o' us from Foulness Island. His mother was the headest witch about them parts, and Foulness was the witchfullest o' all them islands."

"My mate come across the crick one night in the dinghy from Foulness. Full moon that was, bright as day."

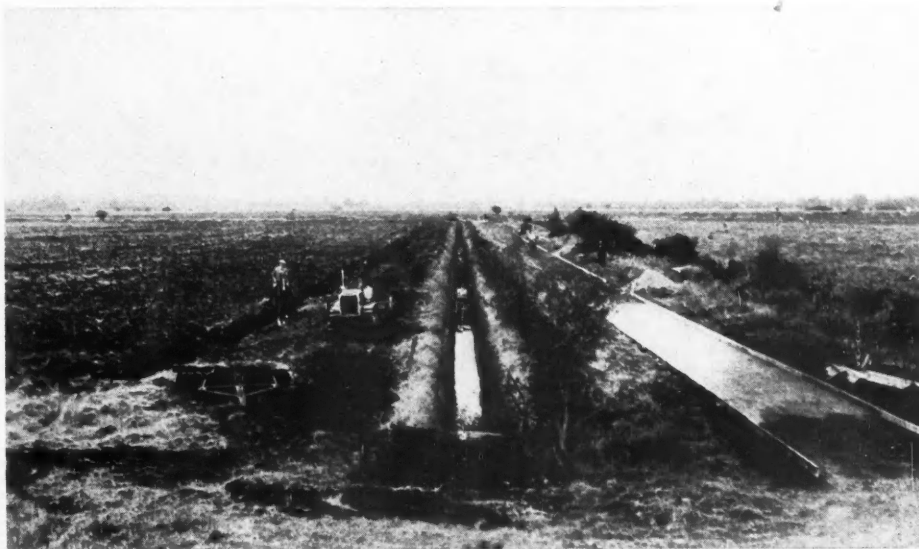
"'Lor, Bob, what d'yew think I seed?'

he sez. 'That owd Mother Redcap from Foulness come across the crick on a hurdle, no oars, no sail, an' a-goo'in' faster'n I could row. She's on the island now.'

"We went over to the barn and there laid that owd witch, curled up in the straw like a cat. We garped some."

"Next mornin' she comes in the kitchen and sets there peelin' 'taters, nippin' her owd thin lips together an' a-mumblin' 'Holly, holly, broolly, broolly, Redcap, Redcap, Mother Redcap, glory, glory.' I tell you I lit out from there suffin' fast. That's a rum owd place, Devil's House, an' I 'ouldn't sleep in it now, not for a golden suvvin'."

From that bleak Essex isle I think gratefully of Euston Hall, four-square and towered, lying in the sun in its valley of bright waters, the high heaths of Suffolk cradling it in a warmth of woods and a nobility of wild wastes. There were pictures there, Van Dycks and Lelys, Peter Paul Rubens and Old Crome. Great stables that had known the clatter of Carolean horses, loose-boxes of noble ironwork and a great arch under which coaches had rolled when the Duke of Grafton 100 years ago ended his



A CONCRETE ROAD PARTLY CONSTRUCTED ACROSS SWAN MERE, BURWELL FEN
This mere, now drained and ploughed, was the haunt of hundreds of ducks

princely pilgrimage each year from Wakefield Lawn in Northamptonshire. He travelled half across England from one estate to another in a coach and six with postilions and outriders. Other coaches followed with footmen, huntsmen, a pack of hounds, ladies' maids, cooks and grooms. They took food with them, great sirloins of beef, "the Duke's cheeses," one of which would feed 50 men, barrels of home-brewed beer, guns, horns and muskets. It was like a feudal army on the road.

"I'd rather see your two horses coming in here to-day, sir, than have all the motor cars in the garage and all that machinery out there that they put me in charge of," said the Duke's head groom as he pointed through the open doors, to a forest of glittering turbines, the power plant for the mansion and all its offices.

It was the same everywhere. Horses are still a benediction to the Englishman's eye. Their whinnying opens his heart and brushes the cobwebs, sweeps out the bicycles, scatters the petrol cans and wakes the live echoes in dusty and derelict stables.

I remember the warm evening smell of harvest fields and the close, sweet, horse companionship of the stables at Croxton Park in Cambridgeshire. They were knee-deep in barley straw there and little girls brought them apples. The butler who waited on us at breakfast was driving a milk float round the estate at lunch-time.

Then there is a memory of a wild-eyed, staring, milling mob of unbroken young horses, the beautiful Monson greys, going round like a wave of the sea in the riding-school at St. Peters Lodge, Walpole Highway, with Claude Monson standing inscrutable in their midst.

They were all descendants of that famous old horse, Old Shales, whose dam, a Norfolk pack-horse, mated to an Arab, dropped him in the stone stable 130 years ago beneath the altar at Walpole St. Peter Church while his master was at prayer.

Borrow has told how he saw a man in Norwich market take off his hat as the old horse cantered by, saying: "Amain I did for that horse what I would do for neither earl nor baron. I doffed my hat to the best horse and the fastest trotter in all England."

And when we came down into the winding, flint-built streets of Wells-next-the-Sea, where the sea wind whimpers in the corners and the geese cry overhead like hounds in the dark, we had a mighty Monson grey to lead the van. He is an emperor's war-horse, a creature to charge chariots or carry a de Bouillon.

There were odd momentary pictures: Harpley Hall, gracious in the sun with its strange, straight-pillared front, its park full of black and white cattle, piebald horses and Scots pines; Stiffkey, where, in spite of daily anti-aircraft practice, there were wigeon in thousands on the marshes and rare waders stepping delicately in the shallow lagoons at Cley. Copford Church, with innumerable nail-holes in its mighty door, where they nailed down the skins of three raiding Danes 1,000 years ago. There is still a piece of human hide under glass.

Once as we trundled along the coast road to Weybourne an air-raid alarm sounded. Two minutes later an aeroplane dived out of the



RIDING THROUGH MR. DAY'S WILDFOWL FEN IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE

This fen has now been drained and put under the plough

clouds and swooped straight up the road towards us, not 100ft. up.

Jim Rodd and I bundled out of the horse-box into the ditch on one side, I with my great brass-case eight-bore which fires 2½oz. of S.S.G. from each barrel, and Jim with the 12 loaded with buckshot.

"Wait till you see his markings and then, if it's a Jerry, shoot the pilot in the face," I yelled.

The machine was clean over our heads before we saw that it was British. But it gave us our little thrill, and the pilot must have had his too at the sight of those two guerillas crouching in the ditch armed with ponderous wildfowl artillery.

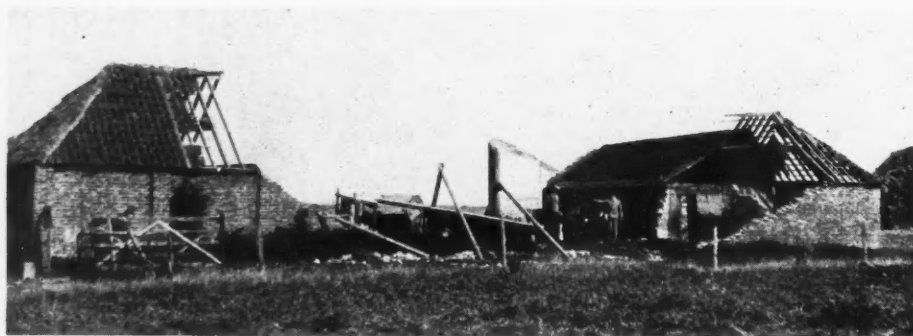
I remember Holkham, grand and graceful in its eighteenth-century solidity, brooding above its great lake where the geese honk and the wigeon mew. Deer flickered through the bracken in the dusk as we rode in from the Golden Gates, up along that almost royal ride to the Obelisk, through the Farmers' Gate where Old Moore the gate-keeper chuckled as he told me that Lord Leicester, 93 years old, had just chipped him, Moore, that he was "getting on in years." Moore is just over 70. The Earl was out shooting next day in a downpour that registered an inch and a quarter of rain for the day.

Then there was Spinney Abbey, brooding in its thin firs on the edge of Wicken Fen. It was there that Mr. Robert Fuller told me how he and his family sat at breakfast one morning in the bright May sunlight, when, suddenly, they heard the sweet singing of a ghostly choir high in the air among the stacks where once stood the vanished chapel of the Abbey.

Much the same story, but this time it was a man reading in monkish Latin, was told me by Dr. and Mrs. Jameson at The Canons, that lovely, soft old house by the river in Thetford which warms itself in its bright garden like an old dog in the sun, beneath the gaunt, towering magnificence of the ruins of the priory of Augustinian canons. There too they heard slow footsteps walking on a vanished stone floor where now is only a tangle of grass and vines beneath empty windows.

It was a strange, illuminating pilgrimage—great houses full of troops, slum children and evacuees. Women driving tractors, hoeing roots and milking cows as well as any man. Old hedges uprooted, fens and meres drained, wild heaths ploughed and sown, machines clanking where once plough horses strove, topsail barges slipping out on the dawn tide to face mines, dive-bombers and E-boats in the North Sea, great woods tall and brilliant as tapestries in the sun. Everywhere one saw landowner farmer, labourer and fisherman alike putting their hearts and souls into the fight.

Behind it all are still the unchanging country ways, the loved traditions and the unashamed legends of ghosts and headless hounds, of sweet, unseen, singing choristers and phantoms that go in the woods by night—a rich, unbelievable, unforgettable tapestry of this English countryside which mothered us.



TWENTY YEARS' INATTENTION HAS CAUSED THE BOMB-SHATTERED APPEARANCE OF THIS ESSEX BARN

But everywhere "one saw landowner, farmer, labourer and fisherman putting their hearts and souls into the nation's fight."



CORNFIELDS ON WALLASEA ISLAND, ESSEX, RECLAIMED FROM ROUGH GRAZING MARSH

Mr. Day was told about the devil being seen on the marsh at night

THE GHOST FAIR

By EDITH OLIVIER

IN a village on the road between London and Basingstoke, I have for some years observed a very melancholy-looking house. It stands in line with others, flush with the road; but while its neighbours look fresh, clean, and inhabited, this one has never been painted, since I first noticed it. It has always been conspicuous because of its gloom, and now many of its windows have been broken, so it might well have been the victim of a blitz. I saw it again last week, and remarked on it to a friend who lives in the district. She laughed.

"That is the Haunted House," she said. "The landlord will do nothing to it because he never can find a tenant."

I looked at the house with a new interest. Haunted. Yes. I realised that I had always thought of it as standing alone, as haunted houses should; but it was actually in the village street, and there was nothing wrong with it but that air of dirt and desolation. I then thought that one should always allow for the fact that the evidence in favour of supernatural happenings is unfairly weighted in the case of lonely houses of romantic appearance. Before the doors begin to creak, or the mice to scamper behind the wainscot, the solitary listener is predisposed to see or to hear "something."

A ghost story without a haunted house at all must therefore possess an additional claim to belief, especially if one can also banish all those "uncanny feelings" which often seem to have preceded the supposed apparition. Certain circumstances naturally affect sensitive people, making their judgment for the time less critical than usual. Perhaps therefore the story of an experience which cannot be looked upon as normal, although its setting is completely so, has a peculiarly strong claim to belief.

During the last war I was driving one evening in a part of Wiltshire which at that time was altogether unknown to me. It was a wet and cloudy day, and my one desire was to arrive as soon as possible in the hospitable house towards which I was bent. I drove down one of the famous avenues of monoliths which I knew from hearsay were the approach to a well-known prehistoric temple, but which, till that day, I had not seen. A village has been built in the actual space originally occupied by the temple; and here, since prehistoric days, generation after generation of simple country people have lived, unquestioning and at peace, without over-much interest in their predecessors. Historians and archaeologists dig and delve, study and write, lecture and discuss; while the natives earn their livings and enjoy their holidays when they come.

It was one of those holidays that I came upon that evening. Of all rural festivities, a fair is the gayest and most spontaneous, and here, in the middle of a village which itself had grown up on a site connected with the life and religion of a race whose very names have almost been forgotten, the traditional sports were in full swing.

If it had not been raining, I should have jumped out of the car to climb the embankment, and to run through the grass to join in the fair. Shooting-galleries, coconut-shies, roundabouts, swinging boats, and gingerbread stalls had attracted a small rural crowd, clothed in nondescript garments of indefinable colours. A few gipsies added colour to the scene. Darkness had not yet fallen, but candles or oil lamps already shone through some of the cottage windows, and the owners of the cockshies had lit their flares. There was nothing very brilliant about this typically country festival, but it was a completely happy scene. I was sorry to leave it behind.

Several years later, when I visited the place as a tourist, I discovered to my amazement in the inn parlour a local guide book which said that no fair had been held there for over 50 years.

That fair which I watched with such pleasure

that evening had no physical reality. No fair took place in that village that evening. The last to be held was more than half a century before.

When I knew the scene better where my ghost fair had taken place, I found that even before I reached the village I had, in some inexplicable way, already gone backwards in time. The avenue of monoliths, which I knew of from hearsay, had disappeared long before the fair ceased to be held. It is even thought that the great stones were buried during the reign of King John, and that they may still be underground near the places where they originally stood. The only part of my vision which appeared to be of my own day was the little crowd of fair-goers, and they too may have been revenants from an earlier festival.

The whole experience leads one to revise certain traditional views about so-called ghosts. This was no spirit vision, for the monoliths which guided me to the village appeared as real as the people in the fair, and it is not possible to believe that a stone has a ghost. Also, the vision had no effect on my nerves. It seemed a completely every-day affair. People

vision of the fair comes under another category. It can better be classified with the well-known experience of those two ladies at the Trianon, who, early in the present century, saw the garden of Marie-Antoinette as it actually existed for only a very few years before the queen's death. They saw buildings long ago demolished, standing, not on their traditional sites, but on the actual spots where contemporary maps (subsequently discovered) proved that they had actually stood. The ladies even crossed a bridge over a stream, a century after bridge and stream had vanished.

These experiences have more in common with telepathy than with so-called second-sight. Three hundred years ago, a scientist who was told by an old woman that she had seen a race being run at Epsom while she sat in her cottage in Devonshire would certainly have condemned the seer to be burnt as a witch. The same scientist, in the middle of the last century, would merely have smiled derisively at the credulity of the uneducated classes. To-day he would not think the account of a race seen by television was worth his attention. It may



"A VILLAGE HAS BEEN BUILT IN THE ACTUAL SPACE ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED BY THE TEMPLE"

who have seen (as I never have) a ghostly figure rise up before them in a haunted house, or who have heard within it a ghostly voice, generally say that such appearances give rise to a strange, uncanny sensation akin to panic. This need not mean that the ghost itself is a particularly terrifying one: but it produces a curious physical reaction on the part of the spectator.

I know of a tough Scottish business man, who was sleeping one night in a strange house when there appeared at the end of his bed a little girl of some nine or ten years old. She looked at him quietly, and said these words, in a gentle, childlike voice: "*They want another child.*"

There was nothing in either the figure or the words it spoke to frighten a grown man, and if the experience had been a dream it would have been odd, but not uncanny. Yet that prosaic, middle-aged commercial traveller lay (as he said) sweating in bed till morning, and did not dare to put out his light till day had dawned.

There are also many stories of dogs bolting, with hair on end, as they stare at something quite invisible to any human being in the room.

These alarming or uncanny experiences are typical "ghosts" and they demand explanation both objectively and subjectively; but my

truly be said that superstitions are the beliefs of those who are either behind or before the science of their day. How many people had heard a vase on the mantelpiece vibrate always simultaneously with a particular note on the piano before Marconi saw, in that coincidence, the germ of every subsequent wireless discovery?

I think that possibly more people have this gift of seeing back in time and finding landscapes of the past than those who are conscious of it. The ladies of the Trianon did not know till some years later that the garden they had walked in was the garden, not of their own day, but of a previous century. I too only learnt much later that I had stepped back in time. The reason for this seems to be that these experiences are not accompanied by any sense of the supernatural. They appear at the time to be quite normal, and I believe that this is because the people who have this power are not especially "psychic," but have an unusual wave-length of vision. They are natural wireless receivers. If this is so, how we are all missing our chances! And how much the world will gain of historical sensibility should this hitherto undeveloped sense be some day harnessed for the benefit of mankind!

GEORGIAN CABINET-MAKERS

V.—GEORGE GUMLEY AND JAMES MOORE

By RALPH EDWARDS and MARGARET JOURDAIN

UNLIKE the large majority of English cabinet-makers whose names are unrecorded outside the references to them in accounts, John Gumley makes an appearance in the larger area of literature and journalism. Sir Richard Steele inserted a notice (a puff) in *The Spectator* and in *The Lover*. Gumley made a fortune, and owned Gumley

House in Isleworth; and his daughter and sole heiress, Anna Maria, carried her fortune and Gumley House in marriage to William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the friend and rival of Sir Robert Walpole. Anna Maria Gumley (to whom Lord Hervey

denied "any one good and agreeable quality but beauty") is tartly characterised by her contemporaries. She is described as Pulteney's "vixen" and his "ennobled doxy;" and Pope indicates defects in her character in his poem *The Looking-glass* (1717), where he calls for a magic mirror that would reflect the truth:

Could the sire, renowned in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!

Gumley's name appears as a glass manufacturer and cabinet-maker during the reign of William III, and in 1714 he was in partnership with James Moore, cabinet-maker, until Moore's death in 1726. The firm then becomes John Gumley and William Turing. A year later, John Gumley's name disappears, its style being Elizabeth Gumley and William Turing. In distinguishing between the partners, Gumley is especially associated with the making of mirrors, while certain pieces of furniture in the Royal collection are incised with Moore's surname. The earliest notice of Gumley appears in the *London Gazette* (June 21, 1694), and *A Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade* (April 6, 1694), where the sale is advertised of "all sorts of cabinet work, as Japan Cabinets, Indian, and English, with Looking Glasses, Tables, Stands, Chest of drawers, Screw-trees, writing Tables and dressing suits of all sorts." Payment to Gumley for a bureau and some china is recorded in the expenses of the first Earl of Bristol in 1702. In 1705 he set up a glass-house at Lambeth. A rival firm, the Bear Garden House, attempted to obtain an order for the closing of Gumley's factory, but the Bill for the suppression of all new glass-houses was defeated in 1707. In the exchange of hostilities conducted by means of petitions to Parliament, Gumley states that looking-glass manufacture had improved since his firm started, while the Bear Garden House retort that Gumley is "no true inventor" and that he "still sells glass in his shop in the Strand and the rest of his partners are merchants and tradesmen in the city, and none of them ever bred up in the Art or Mystery of making glass." Richard Steele, writing in *The Spectator*

(1712) of the debt of the glass trade to the "witty and inventive Duke of Buckingham," maintains that everyone would prefer to deal "with my diligent Friend and Neighbour Mr. Gumley, for any goods to be prepared and delivered on such a day" rather than with "that illustrious Mechanic."

Gumley is still prominent in the Press advertisements in the reign of George I. The *London Gazette* announces that he has taken all the upper part of the New Exchange in the Strand and furnished it as a looking-glass shop, and a notice of this venture also appears in *The Lover*, April 24, 1714. In the following year (*The Lover*, May 13, 1715) Richard Steele describes Gumley's gallery over the Royal Exchange in detail. He writes of it as "a place where people may go and be very well entertained, whether they have or have not a good taste." He concludes by saying that "we have arrived at such perfection in this ware, of which I am speaking, that it is not in the power of any Potentate in Europe to have so beautiful a mirror as he may purchase here for a trifle." Other furniture was also displayed. "In the midst of the walk are set in order a long row of rich tables, on many of which lie cabinets, inlaid or wholly made of corals, ambers, in the like Parts." Besides this warehouse Gumley had a house and shop in Norfolk Street.

A mirror framed in glass borders which hangs in the public dining-room at Hampton Court Palace, has the name of Gumley carved on the gilt slip intersecting the glass panels of one pilaster (Fig. 2). The names of Gumley and Moore appear among the royal tradesmen immediately after the last bill of Jerrett Jensen in 1714. Among the bills in the Lord Chamberlain's office from August, 1714, to Michaelmas, 1715, is an entry from Gumley and Moore's account for supplying "a large glass in a glass frame and festoon finely done with carved and gilt work £149." Gumley, who also supplied at the same date "a large glass in a gilt frame and top," is doubtless the maker of the mirror in the King's writing closet, which is framed in gilt pilasters and surmounted by a shaped pediment crowned by an eagle. The inscription "John Gumley 1703" is scratched upon the lower part of a mirror at Chatsworth. There are two mirrors of this date in the State bedroom, measuring about 12 ft. in height; the bevelled frame is divided into sections, the joints of which are banded by glass ornaments, some of sapphire blue glass. In the tall cresting the arms of the Duke of Devonshire are worked in shaped and engraved glass in the one mirror, and the garter star in the other. These mirrors are those referred to in Whelden's account book in 1703.

Paid Mr. Gumley for two large Looking glasses £200. Paid Mr. Chadwick for going to Chatsworth with ye glasses £16.

The furniture supplied in 1729 by "Mrs. Elizabeth Gumley and Co.," cabinet-makers to George II, did not meet with the approval of the Comptroller of the Great Wardrobe, and a large proportion of their bill was considerably



1.—GUMLEY HOUSE, ISLEWORTH
From a water-colour in the Wakefield collection, Guildhall Art Gallery

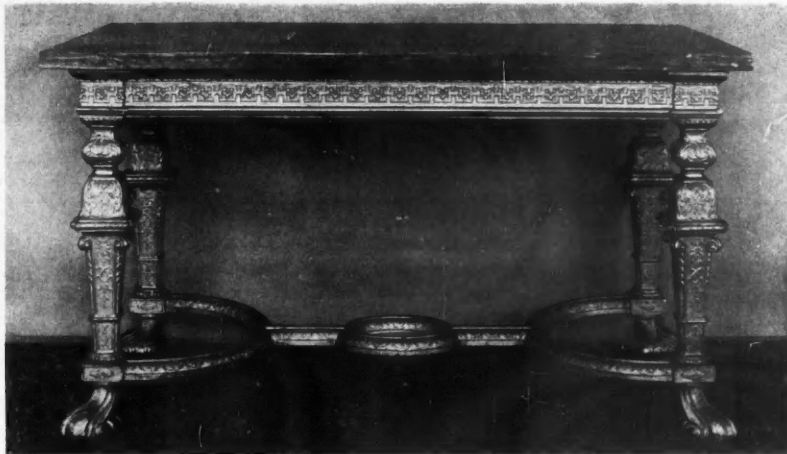


2.—MIRROR WITH GILT FRAME, 1715. HAMPTON COURT PALACE

Gumley's "signature" is cut on a gilt slip intersecting one pilaster

abated. In *The Daily Journal* (December 20, 1729) we hear that "upon the Comptroller of the Great Wardrobe inspecting the work said to be done by Mrs. Elizabeth Gumley and Company, Cabinet Makers for his Majesty at St. James's and Kensington, in the quarter ended at Michaelmas, 1729, he found in the last Place the much greater part of their charge not done at all, and both there and at St. James's, he found very little work done in the manner they charged: so that in the whole, after allowing such service as, according to the said Comptroller's best judgment, the Nature of the Performance deserv'd, he thought there might reasonably be abated out of their bill, which amounted to 512 12s., the sum of £361 10s. 6d." Finally, after to the Duke of Montagu records that "Mrs. Gumley and Mr. Turing were no longer to be employed as tradesmen for the Wardrobe on account of their notorious impositions."

James Moore, unlike his partner Gumley, does not advertise, and the sole reference to him in the Press is a notice (*British Gazetteer*, October 22, 1726): "James Moore, cabinetmaker to his late Majesty, died 1726." The earliest



3.—GILT GESSO TABLE, ONE OF A PAIR ATTRIBUTED TO JAMES MOORE
Surmounted by a later slab of grey marble. Windsor Castle

reference in accounts occurs in the Duke of Montagu's domestic expenses in 1708, and in 1710 entry is made in the Earl of Bristol's Diary for "glass piers & sconces." Moore's work at Hampton Court Palace was first noticed in the *Dictionary of English Furniture*, where his practice of incising his name on certain pieces of gilt gesso furniture is mentioned. Moore's name is incised on a set consisting of a gilt gesso table and stands of unusual design in the Queen's audience chamber at Hampton Court Palace. The table rests upon straight legs relieved by a fret on the frieze and arched rails which centre in the front in a pendant once carved with the royal cypher of George I. A gilt gesso table in the Queen's bedchamber at Hampton Court Palace, supported on straight legs delicately patterned with repeating ornament and finishing in lion paw feet, is also the work of the partners, Moore and Gumley, between August 1714 and Michaelmas 1715. In the firm's account there is an entry of a "table and stand with Indian tops and the frames finely carved and gilt." The gilt table on the Ministers' staircase at Buckingham Palace also bears the crowned cypher of George I on the apron and on the top. The rose and the thistle are carved on the apron and on the top, which is enriched with foliate strapwork in gesso. Above the crown is incised the maker's name (Fig. 3).

Two gilt tables at Windsor Castle show Moore's liking for experimental design in the treatment of the rectangular legs, which finish in bulbous carved feet. The close correspondence between these tables and a very similar table at Boughton is an instance of the employment of James Moore by the second Duke of Montagu (who was master of the Great Wardrobe). In some recently discovered account books of the Duke of Montagu's agent, the name of James Moore occurs twice, and it seems probable that the second payment may be for the gilt chest on a stand at Boughton, the most important example of this kind in existence.

At Erthig in Denbighshire, in a house bought about 1718 by John Meller, citizen and draper of London, there is an account of purchases extending over four years and receipted by James Moore (1722 to 1726), which includes mirrors, sconces and "a silver table with a glass top and coat of arms cut in it." The table has the arms of Meller cut in the glass top; the gesso frame is carved in low relief and silvered. A second gesso table, which is gilt, is probably by the same hand, as the detail of the frieze is very similar to that of the table with the Meller arms. It is probable that all the group of early Georgian mirrors at Erthig are from the firm of Moore and Gumley, though only one, the "fine large sconce silver framed", is invoiced in the Erthig accounts in 1723. The few pieces which can be attributed to Moore by the evidence of accounts and by his occasional signature are all of high quality and distinguished by rich treatment of carving and gesso detail. A peculiar feature is the straight leg or support in certain pieces. An alternative support is a tapered baluster with a foliated and

scrolled projecting member at the top. He seems to have been a designer of considerable originality whose productions do not accord closely with contemporary fashions. Moore's entire stock is advertised to be sold in July, 1728.

Moore, at the close of his career, evidently carried out William Kent's designs for furniture for the "new apartment" designed by him at Kensington, for on the firm's accounts 1723-25 "four large sphinx stands for tables" and two "fine sphinx table frames" are entered as supplied for Kensington. In Pyne's illustrations of Kensington Palace a marble slab supported by couchant sphinxes is shown in the old dining-room and four small tables or stands of similar design

in the Cupola Room, another similar table being shown in the Queen's Bedroom. One of these tables Pyne describes as "one of the best specimens of furniture that we have found in any of the palaces." In the first quarter of the eighteenth century, Moore and Gumley were certainly among the most prominent of English makers, and their authenticated productions are marked by originality of design and technical excellence.



—GILT STAND WITH CYPHER OF
GEORGE I ON THE TOP
James Moore (1715). Hampton Court Palace



5.—STAND IN GILT GESSO ATTRIBUTED
TO JAMES MOORE (about 1715-20)
One of a set of four. Windsor Castle

LANGLEYS, ESSEX—I

THE HOME OF
MR. JOHN JOLLIFFE TUFNELL

Built in 1719 by Samuel Tufnell on an old site incorporating one wing of a Jacobean house of the Everards

LANGLEYS is outwardly a typical "Queen Anne" house with all the solid, warm brick, unpretentious and British homeliness that the good Queen's name stands for in architecture. A Tory house, built in the unselfconscious style appropriate for an English country gentleman, in contrast to the new Italian villas with porticoes and domes then affected by progressive Whigs. The lodge (Fig. 1), at the entrance to the modest park beside the Chelmsford-Dunmow road, proclaims as much in miniature to the passer-by, with its spotless white facings around door and windows and pediment, on beautifully gauged scarlet brickwork; and the Tufnells' motto beneath their coat of arms, *Esse quam videri*, "to be rather than to seem." Between the great stems of two elm avenues radiating from the house, the promise, and the text, given by the lodge is seen to be confirmed by the house itself (Fig. 2)—doubly confirmed, for the back (Fig. 5) is almost exactly like the front. Georgian London, as re-built after the Great Fire and extended westwards in the first decades of the eighteenth century, largely consisted of houses of this type, and every roadside town in the home counties can show similar if smaller examples of prosperous merchants' homes lining the streets or set back behind forecourts. It was the accepted form of a normal house, whether in town or country, Inn of Court or private park, with up-to-date sash windows, airy wainscoted rooms, and a minimum of external ornament beyond such texturing of the brick walls as the fastidiousness of the builder prompted. The type, imported from Holland at the Restoration, was fashionable for two generations, became the standard for another century, and remains the English style *par excellence*. Here the brick is of a full mellow crimson, mulberry in shadow, vermillion in the sun, and where bricks of finer quality have been rubbed and

gauged for lintels and cornices. The only ornament on either front is the central "frontispiece" of white woodwork: splendidly carved carpentry that, with its pilasters, architraves, festooned scrolls, and pediment cornice, introduces the only "architectural embellishments" into a straightforward, but supremely competent, bricklayer's job. Incidentally this feature suggests how it was that so many Georgian architects were recruited from the ranks of carpentry.

Outwardly that is what Langleys seems briefly to amount to: solid, sensible respectable Queen Anne, built, one would suppose, by one of those plethoric, prosperous, periwigged citizens whom Kneller portrayed.

Yet one would be mistaken. Quite a lot is known of Mr. Samuel Tufnell. Langleys

1.—AS SMART AS A SENTRY IN WHITE-FACED SCARLET TUNIC: THE LODGE

proves to be a young man's house, designed by himself when yet in his 30's, expressing convictions that had animated his youth, and incorporating the very remarkable parts of an older house, which he had the sensitiveness to respect and the studiousness to record. He acquired Langleys, with only 87 acres of land round it at first, in 1711, when he was 29. The part of the old building that he preserved was its north wing, occupying the same relative position in the new plan, that is, to the left of the main front (Fig. 3). The chimney-breast on its north side (visible in

Fig. 2) is of great width, with a drip-mould half way up, and is evidently of early seventeenth-century date, having been retained and heightened. The other walls were refaced to harmonise with the rest of the house which may, indeed, follow the foundations of a sixteenth-century E-shaped building. He preserved this wing on account of the richly decorated Jacobean plaster-work of the two rooms that it contains.

Samuel Tufnell emerges from his works and records as an attractive personality, and his house, as he reveals himself, seems to epitomise the gentle valley of the Chelmer in which it lies. We begin to understand that its dignity and restraint reflect the preference of its builder for these very qualities, which he liked in the Essex countryside. In a manuscript volume that he called his "Head



2.—(Below) DOWN ONE OF THE AVENUES OF OLD ELMS DIAGONAL TO THE ENTRANCE FRONT





3.—(Above) THE ENTRANCE FRONT
With the refaced Jacobean wing and the
central section brought forward in about 1820

4.—(Below left) FRONTISPIECE OF THE
ENTRANCE FRONT

The decoration is in richly carved wood
painted white

5.—(Below right) THE EAST, GARDEN,
FRONT

The centre of the west front originally
projected no more than the centre does here

Book" he inscribed sayings and verses that
appealed to him, possibly even had composed.
He must have been visualising Langley's
when he wrote in it, of *Retirement*—

Happy the man who free from vain desires
From the dull noise of busied crowds retires;
Happy, if blessed with a genteel estate,
Hid in the covert of some private Seat,
He flies the dang'rous pleasures of the Great.
No envious cares disturb his peaceful brow,
Calm as his thoughts his easy minutes flow. . . .

"Poetry," he decided, "is an harmonious
disposition of words so as at once to ravish
and improve our minds." He formed his
judgment on the classics. His lines on

Retirement give the impression of being a
translation from Horace or Virgil, from the
latter of whom he took the trouble to copy
out verses describing "a pleasant habita-
tion":

Hortus erat junctus casulae, quem vimina pauca
Et calamo redimita levi munebit arundo;
Exiguus spatio varius sed fertilis herbis;
Nil illi deerat quod pauperis exigit usus.

His longest note moralises on Ambition
which, he resolved, is "a passion capable of
the greatest virtues but too often subject to
the most extravagant vices." An active life
in the City, international trade, and Parlia-
ment, no doubt gave him ample opportunities
of observing, and curbing, this passion.

A wise, balanced, sensible man is the
impression that he gives us, suspicious of
"enthusiasm" as of ostentation, yet highly
interested in everything about his predeces-
sors at Langley's. Another note-book of his
is filled with the genealogies and epitaphs and
heraldry of former owners of the estate and
their alliances, which is surprising since Sir
Richard Everard, from whom he bought the
place, was no relation of his. In fact, the
house is not only seen to be an embodiment
of Samuel Tufnell but, as one lingers over his
books and papers in the old library that he
built into it, examines his furniture and
possessions—including the grant of a crest
signed in 1708 by St. George and Vanbrugh,
and a delightful conversation piece of
himself and family—a benign personality
can still be felt to dwell in it.

The conversation piece (Fig. 8) is by
Pieter Snyers of Antwerp, 1739, when Samuel
Tufnell was 57 and a resident delegate to
the convention sitting in that city to manage
the working of the Barrier Treaty between
Britain, the Dutch, and the Austrians.
For three generations the Tufnays had
been prosperous London citizens—salters,
brewers, merchants—of whom Samuel's father



John is described as "very rich and eminent." So it is likely that the family's business connections had recommended Samuel for his appointment as a Trade Commissioner under the treaty at Antwerp. On his right in the picture sits his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of John Cressener of Great Tey, perhaps a business associate of the Tufnells though descended from an ancient Suffolk family. She brought to Langleys the celebrated cup, hall-marked 1503, now in the possession of the Goldsmiths Company. Samuel's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of John Jolliffe, an ancestor of the present Lord Hylton, and he was educated at Merton College, called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, and sat in Parliament successively for Maldon, Colchester, and Great Marlow. Behind Mrs.



Tufnell is Nathaniel Payler, a relation of the Cresseners, who adopted the youngest Tufnell boy and left him his property of Nun Monkton, Yorkshire. Another member of the Tufnell circle was an old and wealthy bachelor uncle, Sir William Jolliffe of Petersfield, a Governor of the Bank of England, who left his fortune between his nephews Samuel Tufnell and John Jolliffe the ancestor of the Hylton branch. They put up a monument, to this "steady friend and generous relation of extensive benevolence," in Pleshey Church near Langleys. Pleshey, where Froissart describes how Richard II seized the castle, and

7.—(Left) SAMUEL AND ELIZABETH TUFNELL'S ARMS AND THE DATE, 1719, OF THE BUILDING

8.—(Below) SAMUEL TUFNELL'S FAMILY, BY PIETER SNYERS, 1739



6.—(Above) THE FRONT HALL.

Formed about 1820 by bringing forward the pedimented centre of the front

where earlier the powerful de Mandevilles had dominated the countryside, had once included Langleys among its manors. Now, thanks to Sir William Jolliffe, it is part of the Langleys estate; but this turning of the tables, and how the Mandevilles's manor of Maskalls changed its name to Langleys, is another week's story. Suffice it to say here that the estate muniments, now deposited in the County Library, form a continuous series back to the fourteenth century and that the object in Fig. 10 is an original fourteenth-century deed box, beautifully turned in oak.

Besides the Jacobean rooms of the Everards, this lovely Queen Anne house (or George I to satisfy the pedants) also contains several exquisite Regency rooms complete with their original furniture. They were formed and decorated by Samuel's grandson William, as a young man, who occupied Langleys from 1794. It may here be said, as we shall have occasion to see later on, that for a third time, in our own day, this dignified old house has called forth the affection of youth, for its present owner, Mr. J. J. Tufnell, now with his regiment, has reconditioned and redistributed the contents of the house, so as once again to reveal its quite outstanding beauty and interest.

The evidence for Samuel Tufnell having been his own architect is contained in the original drawings for the elevations, and in the pages of a letter-book. On blank sheets in this, which has drafts of letters dated from Geneva in 1704 (when he was 22), are studies of the classical Orders, implying that he had early studied the essentials of architecture. The drawings for the elevations seem too uncertain in detail, though evidently drawn with laborious care, to be the work of a professional, so that the presumption is that they are his too. There are several variants, and there seems to have been an intention to crown the pediment with a lantern something like that of Chelsea Hospital. The original design also differs from the present house in having no central projection to the entrance front. But on inspection this proves to have been very skilfully brought forward in the

early years of the nineteenth century. An engraving in *Excursions into Essex*, 1818, shows the centre still flush-fronted, and the present entry hall, contained in the addition (Fig. 6), confirms the date by its Regency treatment. Examination of the brickwork of the return walls reveals straight unbonded joints between them and the original front, though the outward surfaces were most carefully reconstructed with the old bricks. Carrying forward the centre in this way, which was no doubt done by John Jolliffe Tufnell II when he succeeded his father, William, in 1820, was an improvement not only to the temperature of the big two-storey saloon opposite the front door, into which the entrance originally opened direct, but in providing lateral communication on all floors, which cannot originally have existed on the upper storeys. Mr. Tufnell's recent redecoration of the entry hall brings out its Regency character: the walls have been painted cream colour, the pilasters marbled Siena yellow, the frieze a paler shade of the same. The colouring of a set of Samuel Tufnell's original hall chairs fills in the colour scheme: they are white, with blue, sage green, and pink rococo foliage surrounding the coat of arms. Their blue note is carried round the hall by blue and white plates resting on side-tables, and similar bowls standing on the pair of white and gilt Kent pedestals flanking the saloon doorway.

Other external features of about 1800 are the amusing covered steps from the garden to the stable yard (Fig. 11), and the replacing of thick with thin barred windows to the ground-floor rooms in the centre of the east front, when their sills were also lowered (Fig. 5). From the terrace on to which they open stretches an expanse of lawn, now grown for hay, and in the distance an extraordinary spreading horse-chestnut tree of phenomenal extent (Fig. 9). Its layered branches have been said to have a circumference of 180yds., though when Mr. Tufnell and I paced it we made it only 140. From without the tree forms a solid dome of blossom and foliage; within, it is like one of Arthur Rackham's haunted woods with writhing snake-like limbs and innumerable sapling trunks. A broken bough of a horse-chestnut is often seen rooting, but the behaviour of this tree, which was not recorded by Elwes, is as unaccountable as it is probably unique, for the layering boughs do not appear to have been broken at any time. The most likely explanation is that the specimen has a pendulous or weeping strain in its constitution.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



9.—(Above) THE LANGLEYS CHESTNUT, 140 PACES IN CIRCUMFERENCE

10.—(Right) DEED BOX, IN TURNED OAK

Late fourteenth century
Height 3½ ins., diameter 7 ins.



11.—(Below left) STEPS FROM STABLE YARD TO GARDEN

12.—(Below right) GREAT WALTHAM CHURCH AND ANCESTRAL ELMS IN THE PARK



BIRDS IN AN EXMOOR VALLEY

By G. K. YEATES

IN these days of war and danger, when one and all of us live in varying degree upon the news bulletin and the ration book, the thoughts of all who love our countryside run to those favourite spots where in happier times we have known the blessed peace of solitude and quietness of mind.

Not for nothing did the Psalmist see in the hills the source of his strength. For me a host of such memories brings the yearning to re-live them. Yet one by one—Wales, Scotland, Shetland—they fade away; they lie too far off in times of unceasing work, restricted travel and short leaves. Thus die the main dreams, and we clutch at lesser straws to prop our minds.

It was in this spirit that I ventured on to Exmoor—to enjoy its open spaces and its closed valleys, its swift little streams and above all its birds. Moorland country is not normally conspicuous for its wealth of bird life. Indeed, apart from the ubiquitous Meadow pipit, birds on heather slopes are far apart and widely scattered.

Yet a few hours in my Exmoor coombe gave me an abundance of birds to enjoy. Quite rightly it was a pipit which first greeted me on the heather. Anything else would have been sadly out of character. Next, a grouse rose at my feet and “go-back-ed” in best Scottish style. From the low beech hedge a Carrion crow slunk stealthily off its nest.

High above a buzzard soared, and through the glasses I could see his head turning from side to side as he inspected the ground beneath him. Straightway my mind went back to that eyrie where only a year before I had sat and watched a buzzard family grow from small balls of white down to huge fellows nearly as big as their parents. A buzzard is an inspiring bird as it soars in the sky: it is positively thrilling on the nest at 12ft. range, as it arrives back with a rabbit in its talons. Not that it always aims as high as rabbit. Too often it stoops to blindworms and to frogs—a harmless diet, maybe; but for that noble bird which is soaring up above, unbecoming; or so I felt at the time.

It is not possible to spend long on Exmoor without realising that buzzards here are flourishing; so much so that it is doubtful if the large territories which most of the big



A BUZZARD BEHIND ITS FIVE-WEEKS-OLD CHICKS

Buzzards are flourishing on Exmoor

raptors demand would admit of any further increase.

My eyes, then, soon came down to earth from the buzzard and sought for the lesser things that lived in the tiny little deep-banked coombe I was descending. A male stonechat soon showed his disapproval, his ample orange-red breast proclaiming his importance from the top of a dead bracken frond. He had big chicks out in the heather. Whinchats, too, were there—far more shy than their kinsman. Their scolding sounded almost apologetic after the stonechat's curses, but then the cock whinchat had not yet youngsters to worry him.

There were, of course, wrens. Is any bird found in a greater variety of habitats than this charming little fellow? If you stroll in your back garden in the suburbs of a town or battle with the wind on St. Kilda or in Shetland, you will still meet the wren. He is as at home among

the rocks of the sea shore as in the allotment potting-shed; nor does he spurn the moor or windy hill. He, too, then, was here in the sheltered coombe and gave me notice of his presence with that deafening song the power of which, coming from so slight a body, is surely as great a wonder of Nature as the transformation of a tadpole to a frog!

I rounded a bend and saw again the single rowan where a Carrion crow was nesting as it always does, and the old thorn tree where my cock Ring ouzel used to perch. Would he still be here? Three years ago he nested by that single rock in the coombe-side, among the rank heather stalks which fall like dishevelled hair over its miniature precipice. There I had sat and watched him feeding his chicks. Once he arrived with a real moustache which proved to be a lizard.

Of all moorland birds my favourite is the



“IS ANY BIRD FOUND IN A GREATER VARIETY OF HABITATS THAN THE WREN?”



THE UBIQUITOUS MEADOW PIPIT

“It was a pipit which first greeted me on the heather”



A COCK RING OUZEL WITH A LIZARD FOR HIS CHICKS

"This bird is the very breath and spirit of the wild places he frequents"

Ring ouzel. He is the very breath and spirit of the wild places he frequents, and that penetrating whistle which is his call note well fits the lonely valleys that are his choice. As it rings down the coombe, fancy rises, and it is not difficult to think the fairy guardians of this solitude are warning one another of the intruder from the outside world who so shamelessly is invading their silent realm. And what a grand fellow he is as in alarm he perches on the thorn bush, the white crescent on his breast gleaming against the black of the rest of his plumage. It was the Ring ouzel I had come to see—and there once again he stood perched on the old thorn bush, whistling to his lady. My satisfac-



THE COCK WHINCHAT "FAR MORE SHY THAN HIS KINSMAN"

His scolding sounded almost apologetic after the stonechat's curses

faction was complete, nor did it require, to round it off, the glimpse of the little jackmerlin which at that very moment came hurling down the coombe past the Ring ouzel's home.

I came back slowly up the coombe, through the territories of the several stonechats and whinchats I had invaded on my way down. When the car came in sight it was evening, and from a grass field beyond a beech hedge near the road the sound of pigeon cooing stole upon my ears. I knew that noise. I had heard it last on an April dawn in Rothiemurchus Forest. No pigeons these, but blackcock at their wooing. And so it proved. There were eight males,



THE STONECHAT PROCLAIMED HIS IMPORTANCE

This orange-red breasted bird had big chicks out in the heather

their tails spread fanwise in that lovely posture which on the tourney ground blackgame assume to fight their male rivals or to attract their sombre grey-hens.

I turned the car round and dropped down the long hill into Exford, grateful beyond words. Exmoor had been revisited by my hill-hungry mind as but a despairing alternative to the grandeur of the north. It had ignored the implied insult to its charm and showered on me all her very best. Buzzard, Ring ouzel, merlin, blackcock, all in one short afternoon! I have been on many moorlands more impcising and more remote and seen far less.

FISHING FOR SPRATS

By J. A. ROBERTSON

THE men who carry on the in-shore fisheries are mostly villagers in contrast to trawlermen and many driftermen, who are for the most part townspeople.

Many of the fish caught by in-shore fishing-boats, such as plaice, dabs, codling, whiting and herring, are also caught in far greater quantity by trawlers and drifters, but the same is not true of sprats. They are usually caught within the three-mile limit. They are, perhaps, the least regarded of sea fish. In times of glut many find their way on to the land as manure. In general, sprats are not only the cheapest fish on the English market, but they are cheaper in England than in most parts of the Continent. Only in Belgium are they equally cheap, and in Scotland cheaper still. Their repute and price are highest in the Baltic, where they penetrate into very brackish water.

Sprats are not very commonly seen on fishermen's slabs, and they must be rarer still in inland villages; yet there can scarcely be a village grocer who cannot supply tins of brisling, which are but sprats under their Norwegian name. Before the war we imported canned brisling in quantity, at over £6 a hundredweight, while in-shore fishermen received perhaps 10s. or 12s. a hundredweight for our own raw material. English sprats are suitable for canning and a few firms do pack them, but their produce has been largely exported because of intense Norwegian competition at home.

The sprat fishery is astonishingly sporadic and desultory, more from lack of markets than from scarcity of fish. In the scattered districts where sprat-fishing manages to exist the vessels are always small and the gear employed is unusually diverse. It seems to be specially

adapted to local conditions, for, though I have tried different types of gear in strange districts, the local gear has usually proved the most effective.

Drift-nets are used in the Moray Firth, on the Suffolk coast at Lowestoft, Kessingland, Southwold and Aldeburgh, and on the south-east coast at Deal, Folkestone, Dungeness and Hastings. At Poole a sprat-trawl is used, and at Plymouth a few sprats are caught in seines.

The Essex town of Brightlingsea is the chief centre of sprat-fishing. There, and in the distant Firth of Forth, a stow-net is used. The Essex stow-net is a great square-mouthed bag-net fished beneath the keel while lying at anchor in the strong tide running through the Wallet, between the coast and the Buxey and Gunfleet Sands. I have seen a catch of 400 bushels taken in a stow-net, which took three or four hours to haul aboard. Most of the Brightlingsea catch is, in peace-time, exported to the Continent, fresh, salted or pickled.

The spawning period of the sprat is unusually long, for sprat eggs can be found in the Channel or North Sea in any month between February and August, although the spawning period of the individual fish is probably much shorter. The transparent young float for the first few months of their life, like the eggs, with the other "plankton" in the surface waters, but when they acquire their silvery pigment and scales they move in towards the coasts and up the estuaries. In the Thames Estuary, mixed with a varying proportion of herring of like age and size, they are caught at Southend and Leigh-on-Sea as whitebait, for which the fashionable world of London used to repair to Greenwich in years long past. After

a sojourn of about 10 months the whitebait sprats leave the Thames, in July or August, only to reappear in coastal waters with the adult shoals three or four months later.

Shoals of adult and adolescent sprats appear punctually on the Suffolk coast in the last few days of October or the first few days of November and do not leave the coastal waters till January or February. They may linger at Brightlingsea until March. A spell of easterly winds will ruin the fishing while it lasts, but the fish are to be found again directly it blows from the west or south.

While in the coastal waters sprats do not feed, for their stomachs are always found to be empty, and, unlike the herring of the East Anglian fishery, they are not spawning. At the beginning of the season they are very fat—up to 12 or 15 per cent. of oil by weight—but as they pass the winter fasting and with slowly ripening sex-organs their fatness wanes. In the early spring they depart seawards to spawn, and, probably after spawning, they scatter to feed, for shoals are very rarely found in summer. The youngest fish to spawn are about two years old, and this early maturity is some compensation for the shortness of their life, which rarely exceeds five years.

As the fish neither feed nor spawn their migration must be something in the nature of partial hibernation.

The Clupeid family, to which the sprat belongs with the herring, pilchard (sardine) and Californian pilchard, probably provides mankind with a greater quantity of cheap fish than any other. In this country the sprat, as a valuable source of food, is neglected; yet in war-time the fishing is carried on under the muzzles of our coastal batteries.

WINNING TEAMS OF THE "COUNTRY LIFE" HOME GUARD MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION

HERE are the two Home Guard teams that tied for the COUNTRY LIFE Challenge Trophy with the highest possible score of 192 points. The Cup will be held for six months by the 8th Lindsey Battalion, and for six months by the 33rd Warwickshire Battalion. Medals are being presented to members of each winning team, and also to those of the runner-up, "A" Platoon, No. 10 Company, 23rd Middlesex Battalion.

It can now be revealed that the Lindsey Platoon is drawn from the village of Keelby, seven miles north-east of Caistor and on the Brocklesby estate of the Earl of Yarborough—a region of open arable downland farming and large timber plantations. The 33rd Warwickshires are a Birmingham battalion. Thus the two teams that achieved this very remarkable result could scarcely have been drawn from two more widely different regions.

The popularity of the competition was indicated by targets being entered by 618 teams, representing an enormously greater number of competing platoons eliminated in the first round. This, and the high standard of marksmanship displayed by the leading competitors, encourages us in our intention of repeating the Competition this year. If so, it is hoped to find means of overcoming, so far as possible, the differences of conditions which, almost inevitably, affect a competition of this kind.



The Earl of Yarborough presenting the *Country Life* Cup to Lieut. H. W. Loveday, of the Keelby Platoon, Caistor Coy., 8th Lindsey Battalion, Lincolnshire Regiment



No. 1 Platoon, D Coy., 33rd Warwickshire Battalion

Back row, standing (l. to r.)—Lieut. V. G. Colgan, Vol. A. G. Whittaker, Vol. G. W. Barlow. Centre row, sitting—C.S.M. McCarthy, Capt. H. J. Reeves, Capt. C. A. Wood (superintending officer), Lieut. J. H. Brown, Sgt. T. Pinfold (leader). Front row—Cpl. A. J. Ayscough, Vol. E. G. Hemming, Cpl. H. E. Claydon.



No. 3 Platoon, Caistor Coy., 8th Lindsey Battalion

Back row (l. to r.)—Lieut. P. Wynn (superintending officer), Vol. W. Knipe, Cpl. R. T. Brown, Vol. G. Binnington, Lieut. H. W. Loveday. Front row—Vol. W. J. Stamp, Cpl. F. O. Taylor, Vol. G. Holah, Sgt. H. E. Haw (team leader), Cpl. A. Brackenbury, and Sgt. E. Margrave.

THE SHOOTING TEAMS WHO TIED FOR THE CUP

BY NUMBERS: A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THERE is a strange, profane story told of a golfer who dies and finds himself in the infernal regions. To his surprise and relief he discovers a magnificent links and a rack full of beautiful clubs and eagerly invites one of his fellow-sinners to have a game. Thereupon comes a chorus of damned souls: "Of course there are no balls." I heard the other day another story which reminded me of it, about a young British officer, now a prisoner of war in Germany. He wrote home to say that he was learning golf, but added that there were no balls to play with. Apparently, however, he had a club, and so, under the tutelage of a fellow-prisoner, he was at any rate learning to go through the motions.

This is not only a cheering story as testifying to a fine resolution on the victim's part to amuse himself; it is also interesting from a technical point of view because it suggests what may be the ideal method of learning the game. Most of us are "ball shy" in the sense that we can swing well enough at the buttercups and daisies and it is only the intrusion of that apparently insignificant object, the ball, which puts our swing so sadly out of gear. If this heroic beginner can drill himself or be drilled day after day and week after week in the proper

movements, with a single and undistracted mind, his swing may become so truly automatic that the ball, when on some happy day he attains one, will seem what we should all like to think it, an inconsiderable incident.

The thing has been tried before, and indeed I dimly remember a good many years ago to have written some account of another such docile pupil, as it was given me by his master. The master was a good, sound player, and had, furthermore, a passion for theory and a profound knowledge of all the teaching of all the textbooks. The pupil was a strong and supple young man who was willing to do exactly as he was told. Several days a week for a considerable period the two would repair to a golf course and for half an hour at a time the pupil would swing and swing and swing again under his master's direction. Then he would go home, having given his solemn promise not to touch as much as a walking-stick until the next lesson. At length his swing became so smooth and true as to satisfy even his exigent teacher, and then came the great day when he was allowed to experiment with a ball. The master teed it with trembling fingers and breathlessly awaited the result. The pupil went through his drill to perfection and the ball, the very first ball

he had ever struck, flew some two hundred and something yards straight down the middle of the course.

Alas! his name was not destined to become famous and the end of the story, as I recall it, is something of an anti-climax. He continued to drive very well, but was not so successful with his iron clubs, perhaps because he studied their use under more ordinary conditions. He became good enough to have a handicap well in single figures and then the chops and chances of life parted him from golf, and how good he might have been or whether he would ever have got any better no man knoweth to this day.

That rather eccentric genius—he was a wonderfully brilliant golfer in his day—Douglas Edgar, who died some years ago in America, invented a device which was to teach people to swing first of all without a ball. It was called "The Gate to Golf," and consisted of two strips of leather constituting, as it were, the two gateposts through which the club was to be swung. One of the strips was curved so as to make the player take his club decidedly inwards and play for a slight hook (it was not then called "from the inside out") as Edgar did himself. It was easy to discover if one were not swinging as

the Doctor ordered, because in that case one hit one of the gate-posts with the club-head. I remember taking the machine with me to a lonely spot on the Mid-Surrey Course, teeing a series of balls in the gate and hitting them away with a most charming little draw; but without the gate the magic did not last. Perhaps I did not persevere long enough, and also, perhaps, I was too hardened an old sinner for any such remedy to affect.

The young gentleman in Oflag So-and-so does not at any rate suffer from that disadvantage. He represents absolutely virgin soil for his instructor to work upon, and I only hope that instructor knows his business. Bad habits are at least as easy to acquire as good ones, and it would be truly sad if the pupil rushed home on the declaration of peace, flushed with the hope of triumph, and found that he had been hopelessly and eternally corrupted. He should be disposed to guess that when he first tries the real game—may it be soon!—he will find the driving easier than the iron play. The all swing is essentially a sweeping movement; the iron shot has more definite hit in it, and it must surely be more difficult to learn to hit anything.

Many people have learnt at any rate some

of their golf indoors, where they can indeed hit a ball but only into a net and so can scarcely observe its behaviour before its brief flight is over. I once had an interesting talk with Bernard Thomson, once I think of Leven, now and for many years the golfing coach at Yale. He had to deal every year with a class of freshmen who wanted to take up golf but had played it little or not at all, and in the nature of an American winter, must make their beginnings in an indoor school or gymnasium. He told me, I remember, that he concentrated entirely on teaching them to swing truly and urged them to think as little as possible at first of what happened to the ball. The melting of the snows and the reappearance of the grass must always be exciting, but how almost dreadfully exciting when you are to put your indoor labours to the test and see for the first time your ball soaring away into the blue, no longer a captive but a free ball!

My own limited experience of hitting a ball into a net has been in one respect rather humiliating. It becomes ever so much easier to keep the eye on the ball from the lack of that gnawing anxiety as to where it is going. I used to observe my finish in these circumstances with a certain bitter admiration, finding that I had kept my weight well behind the ball and

had not allowed it to go plunging and lunging forward. My poor young friend, if I may so term him, in his prison camp will have no ball on which to keep his eye, but at least he may learn to look fixedly at the place where the ball ought to be, or in other words to keep his head still. He might perhaps devise some such simple piece of mechanism as did the late Colonel Quill to that end. As I remember it there was a small piece of metal running in a groove. To this piece of metal was attached a cord and the other end of the cord was fastened to the Colonel's cap by a fish-hook. As soon as ever the player moved ever so slightly in the course of his swing the metal ran up the groove and proclaimed his crime past all denial. Harry Vardon was amused and interested by this invention and it was illustrated, I think, by a photograph in one of his books. Somebody else produced another simple device consisting of a bit of elastic, one end of which was fastened to the top button of the player's trousers. At the other end was a piece of some black substance which he held firmly between his teeth. If he did not keep his body poised throughout his whole swing at precisely the same angle the most frightful results might be expected to ensue.

CORRESPONDENCE

TURN OUT YOUR PAPER

SIR,—From your Correspondence columns it seems that readers are asking what should be done with old numbers of COUNTRY LIFE. Before sending them to be pulped could they not be passed on to the Forces, particularly those units in isolated rural areas, and to our Allies in this country?

The articles in COUNTRY LIFE never date, they are strongly reinforced by excellent illustrations, and their propaganda value for those new to England and English rural tradition is considerable.

Postage seems to be the main obstacle, but if the copies were sent in quantity by rail to the nearest distribution point the cost could be minimised.—C. C. BAINES, *Sunning Wood, Boars Hill, Oxford.*

[We thank our correspondent for this tribute to COUNTRY LIFE, but must emphasise again that the need for paper to turn into munitions is urgent—so urgent that all ordinary considerations must be swept aside. Under normal conditions we should welcome her suggestion: under conditions as they are we can only say that all unwanted copies of COUNTRY LIFE should be disposed of immediately as waste.—Ed.]

ABOLISH DUST-JACKETS FOR NEW BOOKS

SIR,—As a frequenter of railway stations and a great haunter of bookshops, I am continually cheered by the gay dust-jackets of the books for sale, but I wonder whether this is not a delight that I could willingly forgo in this time of crisis. There is nothing to be said against the publication of many books—as there is nothing to be said against the publication of certain periodicals, such as your own COUNTRY LIFE, which must give thousands every week a respite from the war—but are dust-jackets a necessity? A relation of mine who is literary editor of a weekly journal not particularly devoted to the interests of books tells me that every volume received for review in the last few months—and they numbered 264—wore a dust-jacket, and probably few of them belonged to editions of fewer than 1,000 copies, and many to editions much larger than that.

After all, whatever arguments as to encouragement of morale or enlightenment can be made for publishing a book, they have no application whatever to providing them with an extra covering which is more or less a book-sellers-publishers' device for keeping them clean and making them attractive. To every true reader a book's a book for a' that if it has no cover at all. Provided the book is worth printing (and it has been infuriating lately to see precious paper wasted on works of the most utter futility), I should be quite satisfied myself to have it in a cardboard binding with no dust-jacket. The saving effected would be, even with the present output of books, something enormous.—S. B. HARE, *Kensington, W. 8.*

MR. CHURCHILL'S ANCESTRY

SIR,—With reference to the very interesting article *Mr. Churchill's Royal Ancestry* by Mr. E. A. Greening Lamborn in COUNTRY LIFE of December 19, I would like to point out that Elizabeth Drake who married Sir Winston Churchill and became the mother of the first Duke of Marlborough was one of the Drakes of Ashe House, near Musbury, and not connected with Sir Francis Drake, whose parents were of humble origin and came from Tavistock. John,

first Duke of Marlborough, was born at Ashe House, and the birth is recorded in the registers of Musbury Church.—MARJORIE DRAKE O'GRADY, *Oak Braes, Frith Hill Road, Godalming.*

HOW FAST DO BIRDS FLY?

From Sir Maurice Denny, Bt.

SIR,—In a letter in your issue of December 5 Mr. Seton Gordon is quoted as having stated that an eagle had dropped 5,000ft. in six seconds, and the arithmetic of this gives certainly a mean speed of 570 miles an hour.

Alas! for the fallibility of human observation! The time taken for an object to fall any distance in a vacuum is given by the well-known formula:

$$\text{Time (seconds)} = \sqrt{2 \times \text{height (ft.)} / g}$$

where g is the acceleration due to gravity, i.e. 32ft. per second per second.

The time taken in falling through 5,000ft. is, therefore, $\sqrt{2 \times 5000 / 32}$, which is 17.7 seconds.

This gives a mean speed of 193 miles an hour. Note that this is in a vacuum. In air, due to the drag caused by the friction of air on the bird's feathers, the time taken would be considerably greater, that is the

mean speed would be considerably lower.

Mr. Gordon states definitely that it was a simple drop, not a power dive, but even if it had been the latter, basing on aircraft data an increase of 50 per cent. in speed would be as much as could be conceded, which would only justify an average speed considerably less than 288 miles an hour. In other words a power dive speed might be about half the speed of 570 miles an hour claimed for the simple fall.

I suggest that much rubbish is talked about the speed of creatures in flight. Is there good evidence that any bird in level flight in still air can exceed 100 miles an hour? I venture to doubt it. A year or so ago an American source quoted a certain fly as attaining a speed of—I speak from memory—over 300 miles an hour. This is just "bunk," in which connection it is worth remembering that a small object always seems to travel much faster than a large one.

I have watched peregrines stooping, both in play and on business bent, and there is no denying that they seem to whistle through the air, but 570 miles an hour—no; perhaps not even 170.—MAURICE DENNY, *The Crossways, Helensburgh.*

WATERFALL IN ICELAND

SIR,—Iceland having become "front-page news" of late, you may be interested in the enclosed photograph of what is perhaps Iceland's most beautiful spectacle—the Gullfoss, or Golden Waterfall. The conditions under which I visited the place were ideal, with the sun streaming right up the wonderful basaltic gorge, and building rainbow after rainbow among the far-flying spray. That spray is responsible for the richness of the long grass growing in the immediate vicinity, and the many wild flowers, notably the Grass of Parnassus, which flourish among it. The lushness of this vegetation is the more remarkable for the fact that the Gullfoss is set in the midst of extremely arid country, with perpetual ice and snow glittering among the mountains which line the horizon.—W. KERSLEY HOLMES, 17, *Stanhope Street, Glasgow, C.4.*



ICELAND'S GLORY: THE GULLFOSS, OR GOLDEN WATERFALL

See letter "Waterfall in Iceland"



(Above) THE CHADDESLEY CORBETT FONT

(Below) THE OVERBURY FONT
(See letter "Worcestershire Fonts")

THE STORY OF A SCOTTISH PULPIT

SIR,—The interesting note on and photograph of the Pulpit Rock at Ardlui (October 17) has caused me to wonder how many people have heard of, far less seen, the most romantic pulpit in Scotland, if not in the British Isles. I refer to Peden's Pulpit on the summit of Ruberslaw. Ruberslaw, a gigantic volcanic excrescence, is by far the highest hill in the valley of the Teviot; and the view from the top of it covers practically the whole of Roxburghshire, and much of the counties of Berwickshire and East Lothian.

In the old "killing times," when "Bloody Graham of Claverhouse" considered it sport to murder those unarmed heroes prepared to die for their faith—the Covenanters—time and time again they assembled around this stone to listen to Alexander Peden, "The Prophet," holding forth on the rights of men to worship God, each according to his own conscience.

The unique position of this meeting-place, which enabled these poor hunted creatures to espy Graham's debased dragoons scores of miles afar off, has undoubtedly in its own way played its part in bringing about the freedom of thought in Britain which Hitler would to-day again seek to suppress.

Peden, when ultimately captured, was imprisoned on the Bass Rock from 1673 to 1677.

The best approach to Ruberslaw is from Denholm, the beautiful little village which was the birthplace of John Leyden, the famous African explorer and poet, situated five miles from Hawick on the road to Jedburgh. —WALTER BRYDON, *Ladylands, Selkirk*.

A PET HEDGEHOG

SIR,—I think you will like the accompanying photograph of two children playing with a very tame hedgehog. Their desire to stroke their pet is

evident, but so is their hesitation even after borrowing Daddy's gloves for the purpose.—T. LESLIE SMITH, *Ashwood, Broughtly Ferry, Angus*.

WORCESTERSHIRE FONTS

SIR,—It is sad to have to say so, but it seems that you sometimes nod. The Holt font shown in your paper for December 19 is not at Holt in Worcestershire as you say in your footnote. The font at Holt near Worcester is even more interesting, being a very finely carved example of twelfth-century work which is shown in the *V.C.H.* for Worcester, Vol. III, page 406. It is one of the three finest Norman fonts in the county, the other two being at Chaddesley Corbett and Overbury; the one at Overbury is mounted on a fourteenth-century base. —MATLEY MOORE, 16, *The Tything, Worcester*.

OLD STEELYARDS

SIR,—The picture of the Soham steelyard in *COUNTRY LIFE* of October 3 and your reference to the Woodbridge example, suggest that a few notes on the latter, with an illustration, may be welcome, seeing that these are believed to be the last English cartweighing steelyards to be seen in their original settings.

The Old Bell and Steelyard in New Street, Woodbridge, Suffolk, is said to be the twelfth oldest inn in this country and has been dated between 1500 and 1550. When the steelyard was erected is not known, but by 1746 it had been there long enough for the inn to be referred to in a will as "the house called the Stilliards situate in New St." This is the original name derived from the old German word for a sample-yard or warehouse; the English corruption to steelyard is modern, based on the

erroneous idea that the beam was a yard of steel.

This quaint old public-house was etched by Edwin Edwards in 1873 for his series *Old Inns*, and his picture shows the steelyard when still in use, as it continued to be for another 10 years or so, and it has been illustrated in many other places. In 1897 it was taken down, sent to London, and re-erected in the replica of an old London street at the Victorian Era Exhibition, being afterwards restored to its original home.

Messrs. W. and T. Avery, Limited, have taken considerable interest in the Woodbridge steelyard and have a model of it in their works museum at Birmingham, and partly through them and partly through my efforts the Newcomen Society had a scale drawing made in 1939, and invited me to contribute a paper to their Summer Meeting at Ipswich, which, with the scale plans, is recorded in their *Transactions* for 1938-39.

From these scale drawings Mr. H. E. Mills of Woodbridge made for me an exact working model of the steelyard, which was accepted by the Science Museum at South Kensington, so that I feel satisfied that, whatever may happen to our quaint relic of Old Suffolk, everything possible has now been done to make authentic and accurate records of this old-world appliance for weighing



THE OLD STEELYARD AT WOODBRIDGE IN SUFFOLK

(See letter "Old Steelyards")

loads in bulk long before the days of weigh-bridges. —ERNEST R. COOPER, F.S.A., *Woodbridge*.

SLUGS AND WARTS

SIR,—In regard to the theme "slugs as a cure for warts," snails have a similar reputation in East Suffolk. I was given the following cure about four years ago by a retired farmer:

"Go along the hedgerow until you find a hod-me-dod. Take up the hod-me-dod and say to it:

Hod-me-dod, Hod-me-dod, stick out your horns.

Here comes a beggarman to cut off your corns.

Then touch your retts (warts) with the hod-me-dod's horns and stick the hod-me-dod on a thorn in the hedge, and as it withers away so will the wart."

This is of course pure magic, and there are many variations on this "cure" for warts. It is possible, though, that the slime of the snail may have some effect. I have not had occasion to try the "cure," as patients expect a different kind of magic from their doctors.—F. W. BESLEY (Surgeon Commander, R.N., *retd.*)

BULL-RUNNING AT STAMFORD

SIR,—With further reference to the recent notes on bull-baiting, I wonder if any of your Derbyshire readers have record of a bull-baiting which took place about 1834 at Wirksworth, and of which my mother used to speak as an eye-witness. She was then a young girl of about 10 years old.

This would surely be one of the last bull-baitings in the country, and I believe police-court proceedings followed this incident, with which my mother's father (Frank Spencer) was not unconnected.—W. SLACK, *Canterbury Street, Ipswich*.

SIR,—As the description in the article on Stamford of bull-baiting, or "running" as it was practised here, seems to have aroused some interest, I enclose photographs of some relics of the sport in my possession.

- (1) A silver-mounted horn cup dated 1799.
- (2) A snuff-box, by Thomas Eley of London, mounted in silver and



PEDEN'S PULPIT ON THE SUMMIT OF RUBERSLAW

(See letter "The Story of a Scottish Pulpit")



DISCRETION

(See letter "A Pet Hedgehog")

made from a horn of the 1837
cull.

- (3) A blue and white Leeds jug
inscribed:

A Bull, a Bull is all my cry,
A Bull, a Bull for ever.

—Ann Blades, Stamford, 1729

- (4) A Nottingham-ware tobacco-jar
with a bull and dog in relief.

Mistress Blades was a notorious bull-
woman at the end of the eighteenth
century. An old writer who on several
occasions was an eye-witness of the
bull-running says: "the sport is regu-
larly attended by a patroness

a bold virago stout and tall
like Joan of Arc or English Mall
clad in blue with a rare display of
ribbons and other insignia of her high
classe, who, by close of day, generally
imbibes much of the inspiring spirit of
John Barleycorn." Such a pat-
roness, whether or no Ann Blades,
appears in the old painting you repro-
duced. It is the work of a certain
Mr. Everard who executed several
pictures of Stamford about 1800.
The scene of the picture is Broad
Street, showing the Black Swan Inn,
pulled down in 1857 to make room for
the Corn Exchange. It has long hung
in the Town Hall.—G. M. OATES,
Stamford.

LETTERS FROM PRISONERS OF WAR

SIR,—I have noticed with interest in
your issue of COUNTRY LIFE of Novem-
ber 7 a letter from a prisoner of war,
together with photograph with names
of officers in Oflag IX A/H. On
October 2 I received from Flight-
Lieutenant A. B. Thompson—a Cana-
dian—who was taken prisoner within
the first month of the war, the accom-
panying photograph, which is of the
victorious R.A.F. boxing team of
Oflag IX A/H, in their contest against
the Army team of Stalag XX A, held
on May 24, 1941. Flight Lieutenant
A. B. Thompson was the winner of the
welter-weight contest.

I have thought it possible that
relatives and friends of the prisoners
who are readers of COUNTRY LIFE
would be interested in this photo-
graph, and therefore I send it to you,
in case you would like to publish it.

The names, copied from reverse
side of the photograph are:

R.A.F. BOXING TEAM

Winners R.A.F. v. Army Contest
Stalag XX A, Germany, May 24, 1941.
Front Row (left to right): Thompson,
Brodie, Milner, Taylor (A.), Hadley.
Back Row: Peterson (trainer), Mur-
dock, Taylor (J.), Coste, and Corporal
Stapleton (trainer).

According to radio and Press, all
officers from Oflag IX A/H have now
been moved to Oflag VI B in western
Germany.—ARTHUR W. MATSON, 25,
William Way, Letchworth, Hertford-
shire.

SIR,—I wonder if the extracts from
a letter I have just received from my
son, who is a prisoner of war, would
interest you. I take COUNTRY LIFE
every week now, and find the prison-
ers' letters and photographs most
interesting.



RELICS OF BULL-BAITING: HORN CUP, SNUFF-BOX, JUG AND TOBACCO-JAR

(See letter "Bull-Running at Stamford")

From Second-Lieutenant E. A.
Greenslade, Oflag VI B (No.) 4 B. N.:

"25/10/41. We have now arrived
at our new camp, which is very large,
with about 2,500 Army and R.A.F.
officers. I started off here in half an
Army hut with fifty-two people,
which was not so good, but have now
moved into a small room with
9 friends. This is the first time we
have been able to write this month.
We have a stove in our room, so now
do our own cooking, which passes

breed in colonies on the same tree,
I do not think that, as a rule, they
join together and lay several clutches
in one nest.

But the White-backed munia of
Ceylon seems to be a notable excep-
tion, for apparently two or even three
of them lay their eggs in a large
globular mass of grass placed in some
thorny tree, and share in common
their parental duties and responsi-
bilities.

Ordinarily, I have found each

raising more than one brood a year
in this way. No wonder our cultiva-
tors are up in arms against such a
mighty host when they come in
battalions to play havoc on the
fields of ripening grain.—S. V. O.
SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

THE FISHERMAN'S SHORE WORK

SIR,—A visitor to any port will always
notice the industrious fishermen. They
are always doing something or other
to their boats, or their nets.—
G. LESLIE HORN, 215, Elgin Avenue,
London, W. 9.

A CURE FOR A DOG'S WARTS

SIR,—I have a springer who suffered
from warts when about four years
old. My vet. suggested giving him
more salt in his food. He got about a
dessertspoonful a day, and the warts
vanished. He had a perfect galaxy
of warts round his mouth and one the
size of a pea on the tip of his tongue.
The departure of this one left a half-
moon gap, as if a bite had been taken
out of it! The warts occasionally
showed signs of returning, but a short
course of extra salt stopped them.
—MABEL M. BOASE, The White House,
St. Andrews, Fife.

"CHEAP FOOD AND PROSPERITY"

SIR,—In my article *Cheap Food and
Prosperity* in your issue of January 2
I said that Lord De La Warr did not
question the figure of £200,000,000
which *The Economist* suggested is the
present cost of subsidies to agricul-
ture. In fairness to him, I hope you
will allow me to say that in a further
letter to *The Economist*, published after
my article went to press, he describes
this estimate as fantastic, and adds
that the actual money assistance to
agriculture in 1938-39 was about
£17,000,000, including the subsidy
to cheap milk for children.—RUSTIC.



SEVERAL FAMILIES OF THE WHITE-BACKED MUNIA HAVE PROBABLY JOINED FORCES TO PRODUCE THIS HUGE BROOD

(See letter "A Co-operative Bird's Nest")

the time away. We have very good
bands and shows here. It is very
interesting to meet people taken in
Greece and Crete, also R.A.F. fellows
who were in England six weeks ago.
I have plenty of clothes, and one
Red Cross parcel per week, so am quite
O.K.—D. G. GREENSLADE, The
Lodge, Chesterton, near Leamington Spa.

A CO-OPERATIVE BIRD'S NEST

SIR,—Although birds may be greg-
arious in habit, and may roost or

munia laying from four to six eggs
in an individual nest. But in the
jungle country the other day, I found
the nest in the accompanying
photograph containing as many as 14
chicks. This is probably the product
of several birds which had decided to
breed conjointly in a single structure,
not only to share family responsi-
bilities, but unitedly to protect them-
selves against enemies such as red
ants, snakes, squirrels and monkeys,
which are legion in the locality.

The White-backed munias are
prolific breeders in this country, often



R.A.F. BOXING TEAM AT STALAG XX A

(See "Letters From Prisoners of War")



MENDING HIS NETS

(See letter "The Fisherman's Shore Work")

FARMING NOTES

AUTUMN-SOWN WHEAT LOOKS WELL

MOST of the autumn-sown wheat looks extraordinarily well. I never remember seeing such strong growth on so many fields at this time of year. There are, however, one or two reports of frit fly attack and the crop dying away quickly in patches. Frit fly has a pernicious maggot which feeds on the central shoots of corn, but it does not generally appear until February at the earliest. The only cases I know of are on land that carried a rye grass ley late into the summer. Rye grass is an alternative host to wheat and oats. There is nothing that can be done at the moment to check the frit fly maggot. Nature coming with a hard frost is the only remedy. Later on, if the damage done is serious, the only course for the farmer is to re-sow the field with spring corn. Rather than lose half a crop of wheat it is worth while cross drilling with spring wheat or spring oats in February if the weather is right.

THESE pests that feed on arable crops have not really caused us a great deal of trouble in this war. There was much talk about wireworm damage during the first ploughing-up campaign, but wireworm carried the blame for bad cultivations in many instances, especially lack of soil consolidation. This is the important point in combating wireworm. The use of the roller or, better still, the press behind the plough may make it more difficult for the wireworm to move about in the soil, but more telling probably is the benefit of consolidation in giving the seedling corn a strong root-hold and enabling it to get established quickly to grow away from

wireworm and other pests. The use of the combine drill which puts readily available plant food alongside the seed grain has also proved a great help in defeating such pests. The corn gets a flying start if the weather is at all favourable and grows away quickly from its troubles.

SOME early lambs in a Dorset Horn flock folded by the roadside last week looked to me extraordinarily strong. I stopped to have a word with the shepherd, who told me that he has an exceptionally heavy crop of lambs and the ewes are doing them well. They grew plenty of oats on the farm and the ewes are getting a handful of corn mixed with some protein cake. No doubt the cake was got under the oat exchange scheme, which allows coupons for 1cwt. of protein cake for every 5cwt. of oats sold. There is no automatic allowance of feeding-stuff coupons for ewes, but I am very glad to see that in cases of need the War Agricultural Committees are now authorised to issue coupons to cover the needs of breeding ewes and down-calving heifers during the early months of the year. Issues are only being made to farmers who have neither beans of their own growing to feed to their animals nor oats or dredge corn which they can sell in order to get protein coupons in exchange. There is a curious provision that the allowance for in-calf heifers can only be granted where farmers rear these animals for sale immediately before or after calving. Does the Ministry assume that, as the rations for dairy cows are on a fairly generous scale, the farmer who rears his own replacement stock will have something left over from the

dairy cows' rations which he can feed to his down-calving heifers?

THE Somerset branch of the National Farmers' Union has been thinking about the education given in rural schools. Somerset farmers want some school lessons on rural science to be included in the regular curriculum, and they suggest that the older scholars of primary schools should be encouraged to visit farms occasionally to see something of agricultural life and farm processes. The senior schools in rural areas should, they urge, be designed to give the children a good general education with particular attention to rural science so that they get an early interest in agriculture and realise the possibilities of a worth-while career on the land. It is further suggested that the boys at the secondary schools should be allowed to help farmers occasionally at the busy seasons so as to gain some first-hand experience as a background for the rural science they can learn in their lessons. Certainly it is pathetic to find so much ignorance about agriculture among school teachers and the scholars in country schools. Often a school is set down in the middle of highly productive agricultural land and yet the education given there is entirely divorced from what is going on every day round the school. This is true not only of the State schools but of some of the public schools also. Yet the land has many useful lessons to teach. Eton and Harrow have both realised this and some of the boys at these schools are encouraged to link up agriculture with the science they learn in the laboratories. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE TREND OF PRICES

IN normal years it has been the custom of the London and country estate agents to issue voluminous reviews of their experiences in the market at the close of every 12 months. These reports have worked out to total figures of an imposing amount, and although they have doubtless faithfully reflected the transactions of the individual firms, they have not been altogether representative of the actual volume of business, because sales or purchases by one firm have necessarily been included in those effected by other firms, and thus the figures have been to a certain extent duplicated or triplicated. An adjustment allowing for this never presented any difficulty, and the fact remained that the turnover reached an aggregate of many millions of pounds, with individual records of from a million to twice or thrice that sum, and in many yearly periods a great deal more than that.

URBAN BUSINESS CURTAILED

BUT 1941 will provide no such gratifying evidence of activity, inasmuch as the market for London property of every description has been dormant, not merely for business premises but for the mansions and suburban residences with which, like large sites for re-development as flats, COUNTRY LIFE is primarily concerned. In the country comparatively few estates have been bought for individual occupation, the majority of the transactions having related to the acquisition of properties for purposes arising out of the war. Neither the sale or the letting of country seats for business use by large commercial concerns, nor the taking over of mansions and land for official use has lent itself to publicity. Strict regulations as regards official action, and either regulations or an understandable desire for privacy in the case of changes of address, have prevented even a vague allusion to what has been done.

THE VOLUME OF SALES AND LETTINGS

OPINION would differ widely as to the magnitude of the amounts involved under the headings of sales and lettings, but taking into account mainly the business that, for our private information or for publication, has come under our observation in 1941, it is probable that an estimate of the totals at £1,500,000 for sales of country property, and an annual rental of £300,000 in respect of tenancies granted in the year, would not be very

wide of the mark. In addition there are the considerable realisations at "break-up" auctions, but these are subject to adjustment in calculating aggregates, inasmuch as most of the auctions have been re-sales, and the properties as a whole have first entered into the estimate of private sales. Business at the London Auction Mart has been of negligible dimensions, such figures as may be recorded having been almost entirely consequent on sales of reversionary interests and insurance policies. Theoretically it would be well to dissect the sum represented by tenancies, by the separation of whatever may be ascribed to the fact that many country houses have been let furnished and the convenience of finding ready-furnished accommodation has more than doubled the actual rental value of many houses. Timber sales have yielded a good many thousands of pounds, the merchants being willing to go as far as buying large areas of land in order to control the felling and marketing of that valuable commodity which cannot now be imported.

THE OUTCRY ABOUT "SPECULATION"

TOWARDS the end of the year the sale and contemplated re-sale of certain Welsh land led to an outcry that speculators were asking exorbitant prices for small holdings that they had bought as part of large estates. Immediate action in Parliament has rendered it impossible for buyers of farming land to get rid of the sitting tenants except after a long and varying interval, and then only subject to the observance of requirements that may not be easy to comply with. Indeed the restrictions on farm sales seem to have gone far towards sterilising that market for the time being. Of course *bona fide* dealing by investors has not found the new restrictions on farm tenancy any great obstacle to investing activities, though even an investing corporation may sometimes desire a free hand in selecting or retaining tenants.

The bulk of the capital received during the year for real estate has probably remained in the payees' hands only long enough to arrange for its surrender to the Exchequer in payment of death duties or other forms of taxation, for nearly all the principal sales have been on behalf of executors.

FUTURE OF FARM VALUES

AS far as could be judged from what has been seen or heard at and after various sales of

farms, the new tenants, where holdings have been sold with possession, are substantial men, whose reserves of working capital should enable them to avoid difficulties such as those which made a failure of ventures during the great "break-up boom" that followed the 1914-18 war. The fundamental changes in the farming outlook have placed present-day farmers in a much more favourable position than ever before, and it is not likely to be a merely temporary advantage.

The trend of prices of good land is likely to continue in an upward direction, and there is plenty of room for such an improvement. In the meantime the individuals or corporations who can afford to acquire large areas have excellent opportunities of securing a steady income with eventual prospect of capital appreciation. Very large funds are still awaiting investment in farming land, but it is no use to expect to interest those who administer such funds by intimations of an auction a few weeks ahead. The question of purchase on a large scale involves a heavy responsibility, and it has to be considered from many angles. The tendency of offers will no doubt be towards ensuring the fullest and broadest preliminary announcement of proposed sales, and the completion long beforehand of the minutest possible details of property. Some of the most successful sales in 1941 were those of which a preliminary announcement appeared months in advance of the proposed auction.

ARLINGTON STREET TRANSACTIONS

IN the course of a note on their work in 1941, Messrs. Hampton and Sons write, from their head office in Arlington Street: "Although the market in respect of town houses is still extremely limited, there has been a good demand for flats, especially in the latter part of the year, and we look forward to the time when many of the flat buildings of the more modern and inexpensive types which have been feeling the pinch so badly will again be fully let. A successful year has been experienced by the Valuation and Furniture Sales Department. A large number of sales in town and country residences have been conducted with very satisfactory results. Prices at new high levels have been maintained. A large staff has been continually engaged on the preparation of full inventories of the contents of town and country houses, while the preparation of war damage claims has given a special department plenty to do."

ARBITER.

IRELAND'S CLASSIC HOPE

WINDSOR SLIPPER'S HISTORY

THOUGH, according to the present ruling of the Jockey Club, no horse which was not domiciled in this country on or before June 1, 1941, is eligible to run for races here, it is to be hoped, and generally understood, that the edict, which was made in the interests of food-economy, will be waived in the case of Ireland's leading youngster Windsor Slipper and his most doughty opponent Crystal. That is if their owners feel inclined to enter them for the "New" classics. In the case of Fair Crystal, transit difficulties prevent him making the journey to his home in America.

They are generally recognised as the two best colts that have been bred and raced in Ireland for many a year, and Windsor Slipper is essentially one of "ours" as he was one of the last colts sired by his sire, who was then the property of Mr. M. H. Benson, prior to the operations that he underwent for nasal sinusitis. He was bred by the late Lord Furness and was actually foaled in Newmarket where his dam was staying while waiting to be mated with the Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion.

These are crude facts but they serve to introduce a story which may, one day, take its place among the many romances that surround the names of famous horses. It can here be prefaced by the statement that Windsor Slipper is a beautifully balanced, well moulded, easy-actioned bay foaled on May 4, 1939, and was by Windsor Lad from the Phalaris mare Carpet Slipper.

The racecourse doings and the serious illness of Windsor Lad are of too recent date to justify recounting them, suffice it to say that, like the triple-crown winner Bahram, the Derby and St. Leger victor Trigo and the Derby winner Blenheim, he is by Blandford. He comes from By George's daughter Resplendent, who won

the Irish One Thousand Guineas and Oaks and divided Short Story and Gay Bird in the fillies' classic at Epsom and himself scored in the Derby, the St. Leger and other events of £36,257. All this is common knowledge, but it is not generally realised that, so far, the best of Windsor Lad's get—including Windsor Slipper—were actually begotten in the months immediately preceding his illness and that some—again including Windsor Slipper—took their origins from matings that took place while he may have been suffering from the disease or from the prodromal symptoms of it.

This in itself, with a little gilding, is sufficient to make the Irish colt's post-Derby narrative—if it eventuates—a unique one. But there is more to come, as his dam Carpet Slipper though by Phalaris, the sire of Manna, Fairway, Blue Peter and other classic winners, comes of rather a plebeian female ancestry which, so far as it is necessary to go here, begins with her third dam, Sandal.

By the Austrian-bred Derby winner Kisber from Shoestring, who was exported to Germany shortly after Sandal was foaled, Sandal was successful in the Severals Plate, the Bickerstaffe Stakes and three other events worth, in all, £1,993, and then died after having five foals, one of whom, to the triple-crown winner Isinglass, was Carpet Slipper's grandam Goody Two-Shoes who, in 11 attempts, earned a bracket of £486 in the Suburban Plate at Cork.

Following this, Goody Two-Shoes repaired to the paddocks where, among others, she bred the Ascot Gold Vase winner Charles O'Malley, Brogue who won the King-Emperor's Cup and the Macpherson Cup in India, and Carpet Slipper's dam Simon's Shoes. She, though never successful on the racecourse, became responsible for such as the London Cup winner Hunt the Slipper and Sandals who won the Newbury

Autumn Cup and other events of £2,346 before being exported to the Argentine. There were also Praetor (£1,376), the Free Handicap victor Pharan, Dalmaty who won the Yorkshire Oaks, Zaza a winner of £978, and Carpet Slipper, who was bred at the National Stud and was bought by Lord Rothermere—then Mr. Esmond Harmsworth—for 400gs. as a yearling.

Lightly raced and with one event, of £323, to her credit, Carpet Slipper was soon retired to her owner's stud from which she was sold—after foaling Felt Slipper, the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks heroine Godiva and a filly by Hyperion—to Mr. George Smithwick, who was representing the late Lord Furness, for 2,000gs. At the time Carpet Slipper was actually carrying Windsor Slipper, who was sold privately, as a youngster, to Mr. Joseph McGrath, the new owner of the Brownstown Stud at The Curragh, and so pleased him by his three great victories, over distances of five furlongs, six furlongs and a mile last season, that he went to 14,000gs.—the third highest price ever paid for a mare at public auction—to overcome the opposition of Sir Alfred Butt and the agents of the Aga Khan and Miss Dorothy Paget and obtain Carpet Slipper.

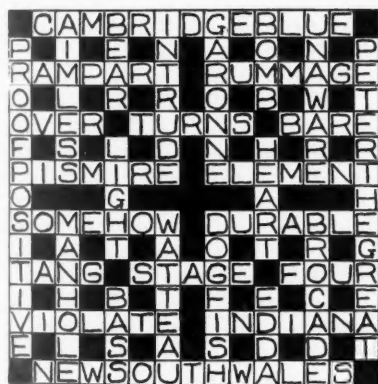
So, at any rate for the time being, the story of the Irish champion ends. It will be a great day for the Turf if and when he, as an unbeaten invader from Eire, throws down the gauntlet to the King's unbeaten colt Big Game and His Majesty's unbeaten filly Sun Chariot. Unfortunately they cannot all win, but it will be a contest between three good horses who bid fair to become entitled one day to the designation "great."

Space, or rather the lack of it, precludes the telling of Fair Crystal's story here, but it is perhaps as well postponed until definite news of him arrives.

ROYSTON.

SOLUTION to No. 623.

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 2, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

- Very fishy, but it has its points these days (two words, 7, 3)
- Cats' contortions (4)
- He runs round in rings (two words, 6, 4)
- Rang up just to growl! (4)
- Such a mistake after tea is pretty frightening (6)
- Put 29's soldier in a pen to tidy the feathers (5)
- Label for 1942 (two words, 3, 4)
- Had speech with Eve (7)
- Wrongly named foot of the stag's mate? It better suits the dog (two words, 4, 3)
- Spotted in various colours (7)
- Poet who *didn't* write "Not a sound was heard" (5)
- The sort of friend who is indeed a friend (two words, 2, 4)
- Endless irony (4)
- Birds that sound like accounts for the silver coming in (10)
- Blood flows when the Sapper is told to go (4)
- Poet who ignores all beverages but one? (10)

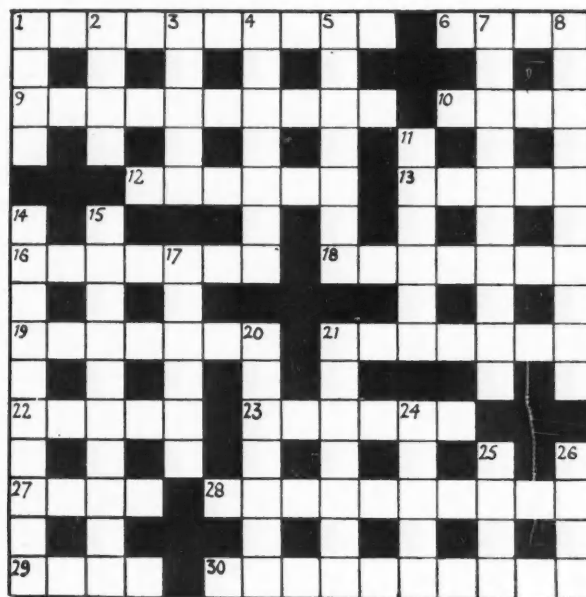
DOWN.

- "Even — is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have."—*Raleigh* (4)
- Infrequent change in the rear (4)
- Put in with a mixture of rue (5)
- In spite of his exalted rank he may be only a butterfly (7)
- "O singer!" (anagr.) (7)
- One could see through her footwear, that's clear (10)
- Sounds like an order to the ocean to leap, but, in one word, it is the time of cherry blossom (two words, 6, 4, or one word, 10)
- Ghostly drink (6)
- Bewitching (10)
- See 24, and put it down (two words, 6, 4)
- Attitude that was? (6)
- The merest may start a rumour (7)
- Indian Ocean wind makes the Scotsman in good time! (7)
- Character in *Measure for Measure* who may be said to have got it in both arms (5)
- On the escutcheon, maybe (4)
- Sand banks in Sweden (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 624

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 624, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, January 15, 1942.**

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 624



Name

Address

SOME attention was attracted not long ago by a book called *Brother to the Ox*, a farm labourer's autobiography, and well it might be, for the author, Mr. Fred Kitchin, was a writer with a spontaneous gift of expression. Farm labourers had for so long been a matter of statistics that it was refreshing to find one of them a matter of blood and bone, heart and head. Mr. Kitchin made articulate a large and misprized body of men.

Now he has come forward again with *Life on the Land* (Dent, 12s. 6d.), a book of 12 chapters that tells the labourer's year round from January to December on a north-country farm. The book is illustrated with excellent wood engravings by Mr. Frank Ormrod.

Mr. Kitchin has given us his farm at a moment of transition. We begin with horses; we end with "cultivators," and one of the characters has something to say about that. "The question is," one asks, "what advantage is it to use a tractor rather than a pair of horses?" and the answer to that is: "Why, it's quicker, of course."

"And when thou's said that, thou's said all," Bill chimed in. "'Cos it won't bring harvest any sooner, and it won't make the crops any heavier, and the only difference it'll mak' to the country is to put one half of us plough chaps out o' work."

And that is what we see happening as the book draws to its close. There has been change on the farm and, like so many "rationalising" changes in the years between the wars, its one clear result was that fewer men had a job to do.

So that, in a sense, Mr. Kitchin's book is, for one thing, a sympathetic

NEW BOOKS

LOOKING AT LIFE

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

LIFE ON THE LAND

By Fred Kitchin

(Dent, 12s. 6d.)

PEPYS AND WIFE GO TO IT

By R. M. Freeman

(Hale, 10s. 6d.)

LONDON PRIDE

By Phyllis Bottome

(Faber, 6s.)

THE RICH HOUSE

By Stella Gibbons

(Longmans, 9s. 6d.)

THE GAY GALLIARD

By Margaret Irwin

(Chatto & Windus, 10s. 6d.)

record of a breed of men who, perhaps, are fated to disappear from the earth. The new wage of £3 a week will increase the farm labourer's difference from the type of man shown here. And it is not only a matter of machines and wages. The activities of the lady named Miss Hawkins grow in scope and volume as the book proceeds, symbolising all those councils and committees that want to take in hand a population considered "backward."

The village pig-club disappears; the pigs were too near to the back-doors, and, as that was the only place where they could be, it was decreed that they had better not be at all.

A phrase which floods with light the sort of man Mr. Kitchin is writing about is this: "The old grin came back each time as he read it. It was the first letter he had ever received." To the city-dweller it is almost inconceivable that young manhood should be attained without the young man having received a letter in all his life.

The traffic, with pens and ink and books, and all the activities that hang round these things, are so dominant in so many lives that life without them seems impossible.

Yet here are people not only managing without them but living full and happy lives without them. For that, above all, is what the author gives us: full and happy lives. Hard labour a-plenty and times hard enough, but, taken by and large, a sweet content, a joy in com-

munity, an understanding of primal, inevitable and fundamental things.

All the components of the country community are here: shepherd and ploughman, hedger, ditcher and poacher, the "boss" and the parson, the pub-keeper, the casual labourer; and here, too, are the events that mark the year along: the ploughing-match, May Day finery, the agricultural show, harvest, stacking, threshing, with winter's vicissitudes of rain and lambing-storms. A fine record of life seen from the heart out-

wards, which is the best way to see anything.

Mr. R. M. Freeman has for more than a quarter of a century been publishing weekly his Pepysian comments on the English scene. From time to time the weekly record is republished in a volume, and the latest of these volumes is *Pepys and Wife Go To It* (Hale, 10s. 6d.). Here we have the new Pepys's Diary from August, 1939, to the end of 1940.

Those who do not know Mr. Freeman's work may be told that this commentator whom he has created lives somewhere out beyond Croydon, has a wife, a cook and a parlourmaid, belongs to a club where he meets those who are unfailingly willing to comment wittily on the world as it was, is a constant church-goer and recorder of the sermons he hears, is fond of good company and good cheer. So far as the present volume shows he is not the great Pepys's love of the contemporary theatre, though he drops the tributary and accustomed tear on the passing of old players.

The world he has lived in while making the record here assembled has provided him with weighty matter that is lightly put down. Mrs. Pepys's bursting of her suspenders while adjusting the blackout curtains, the disappearance of the butter ration when young soldiers on leave invade the kitchen, the snores of his neighbours in a crowded Anderson shelter: these are all matters that the original Samuel would not have overlooked.

But I think he would have given us, too, the pressure of the weightier matters more fully and convincingly than Mr. Freeman does. It is no doubt true, as Mr. Collin Brooks tells,

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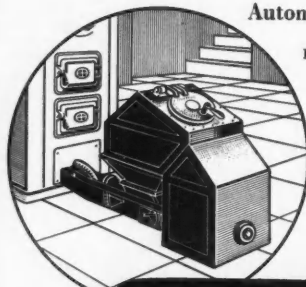
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us in an introduction, that this modern Pepys "knows, as Dr. Johnson knew, that no man sleeps a wink the fewer or eats a bite the fewer because of his worry about public ills and anxieties." But those public anxieties were on Samuel Pepys's mind all the same. His position in the Navy Office brought him near to the heart of things and gave a touch to his handling of public affairs that Mr. Freeman lacks. Mr. Brooks says: "Here are the English unveiled. The original Pepys unveiled them with naivety; the new one reveals them with a craftsman's cunning—that is all. The achievement is the same."

To which I can only say that in my view it is no more the same than an echo is the same as a shout, and that Mr. Freeman's mildly amusing work does not gain by an extravagant claim to equal so celebrated an original.

BEN AND EMILY

Miss Phyllis Bottome has given us a fine picture of the East End of London in raid-time in her novel *London Pride* (Faber, 6s.). The Barton family is the centre of the narrative. There is Mr. Barton, a Communist dock labourer, Mrs. Barton who is away with the first of the morning light to her work as a charwoman, a grown-up boy and girl, the twins, and the baby Mabel. And between the twins and Mabel there is seven year old Ben, named last because he is the most important person in the book.

The twins are "evacuated" (I must put that loathsome word in inverted commas); the grown-up children can more or less look after themselves; so it boils down to Ben and his sense of responsibility for baby Mabel.

Young Ben of Bermondsey is one of the most real and convincing children I have come across in fiction, and nearly matching him is Em'ly, the rather older girl next door in Beulah Street. It is interesting to compare these two children with the children whom Dickens was compelled by the inhibitions of his readers to create. This Little Em'ly, believe me, is not a bit like Copperfield's Little Em'ly. She is a liar and a thief, fierce and predatory, but with an unquenchable courage and enterprise.

As to Ben, the author describes him thus: "To look at, Ben was obviously under-nourished, and when he wasn't dirty, a pasty white; but behind his looks there lurked a gallant and tough adventurer of an Elizabethan type, wary, and the master of his fate."

Does that sound an extravagant description of a seven-year-old East-End boy? Well, read the book, and you'll find every word of it made good. And not made good by "wangling" with fate, circumstance, probability; but by a convincing presentation of how the child behaved himself when the devilry of the raids broke loose.

There are no wings on Ben and Em'ly. They go on looting expeditions; they "pitch the tale" in order to win sympathy; they are the sort of children who might easily have found themselves in a reformatory, with the chance of all that was fundamentally sound in them being reformed away. But what we are shown, and what we believe, is that "in the fell clutch of circumstance" their heads are "bloody but unbowed." There are moments in this tale of the two children and baby Mabel that bring tears to the eyes: tears of rage that such things should come, tears

of almost unbearable pride that they should, by such little ones, be accepted and defeated.

Miss Bottome does not once raise a "sociological" question; but I doubt if anyone will read her book without such questions mightily smiting his heart. When it is all over, what is to become of the Bens and Em'lys?

TWO NEW NOVELS

Miss Stella Gibbons's *The Rich House* (Longmans, 9s. 6d.) and Miss Margaret Irwin's *The Gay Galliard* (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.) are in a different street. Miss Gibbons's book tells of a group of young middle-class people, their games and love affairs, their dances and café-haunting, in a seaside town. It is all well enough done, but the book has no central idea to bind it together. It trots along, on the whole brightly and gaily, but it gets nowhere. When we have finished with these people we have not deepened our knowledge of any of them or of humanity's ways in general.

Miss Irwin's book tells once more, in the form of a novel, the threadbare story of Mary Queen of Scots, Darnley, Rizzio, Bothwell.

Mary is one of those characters whom people seem to love or hate to the degree of fanaticism, and the consequence is that one rarely comes on a picture of her that convinces an open mind. Certainly the creature all light and beauty in these pages did not seem a human being to me; and Bothwell becomes a gay adventurer who makes one think of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks senior.

The writing is highly charged with romantic emphasis. All within a few lines on page 17 we have "superb air," "splendid stranger," "roared to his

page," "swaggered off." It's all like that—larger than life, but not so convincing.

New Books for Children

A GREAT many young people will have, now that Christmas is over, tips and Book Tokens to spend and may be glad to hear of two or three of the newest books received too late for inclusion in our former articles. From Mr. Hamish Hamilton come two books for people who prefer reading to pictures, which does not mean that both are not very pleasantly illustrated. *May I Keep Dogs?* (7s. 6d.), by Kitty Barne, the story of a girl who took dog paying guests, and *The Enchanted Island* (7s. 6d.), by Averil Demuth, in which two children have great adventures in the Western Isles with a race of strange "little men." Grace James's new book called *New Friends for John and Mary* (Muller, 6s.), also brings in the fascinating Blakes of *The Blakes and the Blacketts*. Its scenes are chiefly laid in Switzerland, and it is as delightful as its forerunners.

Chinpaio at the Zoo (Methuen, 5s.) is the story of a little Chinese boy who went to see his old friend Ming the Panda in the Zoo. It is written and illustrated by Chiang Yee, an exquisite production. *Runabout Rhymes* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) is an illustrated book of jolly rhymes by Rose Fyleman. *When Fun Begins* (Methuen, 6s.), a story book for small children, by Pearl Buck, illustrated in colour. *Blossom the Brave Balloon* (Muller, 2s. 6d.), by E. F. Herbert and Philip Zee, is a most taking illustrated story of the life of a barrage balloon. *The Red Tortoise and Other Tales* (The India Society, 3s. 6d.); is written by Mr. R. Gangulee, and all proceeds from its sale go to the Red Cross and St. John. It is a charming posy of Indian stories for children and grown-ups, finely illustrated.



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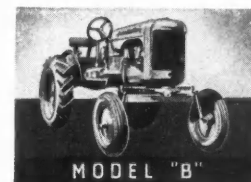
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The Country HAT



Fluffy sailor in a brushed fabric that looks like angora and is extremely light. It is shown in black banded with scarlet by Fortnum and Mason, in a deep pansy blue and in scarlet.

Country felts have larger brims than last season. Erik's dark one with dipping brim, a bright grosgrain ribbon and a shaving-brush feather, is worn well forward, tilted slightly.

Scott's newest classic, Spanish in inspiration, with a wide flat brim turned up to make a deep rim, and a dented crown. This hat can be bought at big stores all over the country.



DENES



THE hair is completely hidden by many of the new hats. The most sophisticated of all the town hats are the rayon jersey, knitted or brocade caps which *coif* the head. These are twisted into turbans, rolled into haloes, or pulled on like a stocking at the back with a pyramid on top. Folded velvet pill-boxes have an old-fashioned motoring veil attached to them of chiffon which covers the hair and ties under the chin; and sometimes there is a velvet skull-cap with a positive waterfall of velvet hanging down almost to the middle of the back. One milliner is using four coupons of velvet for one of these hats! Dolores is attaching a black fringe to a felt skull-cap which holds the cap on firmly. The fringe falls on to the nape of the neck like long black hair. Felt pill-boxes have ear-flaps of folded felt which come right over the hair like an aviator's helmet! Crocheted chenille rolls are worn well forward attached to snoods. Silk jersey hats are made in the shape of a nun's cap in pale colours to wear with black. Diamond stars, twin clips, regimental badges, Victorian hat-pins, all are pinned into the folds of these hats.

The jersey cap appears not only as the most sophisticated of millinery, but as the most practical of country hats. Mme. Mosca at Jacquar has made a felt *béret*. Through it is slotted a folded scarf of fine matt rayon jersey, which holds it on and covers the hair completely. Sometimes this is pulled right over the ears as well. The line is severe but smart. The corduroy jersey silk caps are charming with tweeds, can be worn as folded caps, or have the back hair tucked right in. Either way they are splendid in rain, and most becoming into the bargain. These caps and turbans are replacing the handkerchief.

The country hat with a brim is larger and often has a turned-up brim or a double edge. We have photographed a new Scott classic which sells all over the country for 36s. This is Spanish in inspiration, has a straight, wide brim and a dented crown. Derry and Toms are showing felts which have a highish Welsh crown with a rolling brim, wider in front than behind, and a quill coiled round the waist in the crown. The other popular type of country hat is the one with a round crown like a riding hat. This is worn at the back of the head with the brim dipping down in front and has a narrow corded ribbon. Debenham shows this, and the only trimming allowed is a diamond clip pinned to the ribbon in front.

Bérets are everywhere in the new spring hat collections, the kind of *bérets* that are rustic enough for the country, smart enough for the town. They are more of a tammy, perhaps, than a *béret*, as they are absolutely circular and generally attached to a narrow band of grosgrain, often in a contrasting colour. One from Scotts has two tabs of grosgrain ribbon on one side, where you can have your monogram embroidered. Debenham and Freebody make a slightly larger *béret* worked in radiating sections like an orange cut in halves. At Peter Robinson's there is a smart round felt attached to a grosgrain band that is worn on the back of the head like a coronet. It is very young and pretty, charming with tweeds.

Age Thaarup's first spring collection shows two main influences. There are many caps and hats attached to snoods, like a Breton peasant's or a nun's, all of which cover the hair completely. The other line is what he calls the "Cross-Channel" boater. You will remember many pictures of Victorian heroines wearing puff sleeves and tight little jackets, with shallow bonnets tied on with a chiffon veil, setting out on the grand tour. This is the kind of hat, and very becoming it is. The crowns are flat; wide double brims nearly an inch in depth curve very slightly up at each side. The hats are worn well forward, straight on the brow, and are held on by a grosgrain ribbon at the back and a spot net veil attached to the top of the hat and tied at the back on the nape of the neck with streamers down to the waist.

Grosgrain is a popular material for the many tiny flat sailors with double brims. Spots are embroidered on crowns, pastel spots in fondant pink or sky blue with black or navy. Oval-brimmed sailors with double edges have gay grosgrain ribbons laid round the top of shallow oval crowns to heighten them. The ribbon ties in a bow with

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